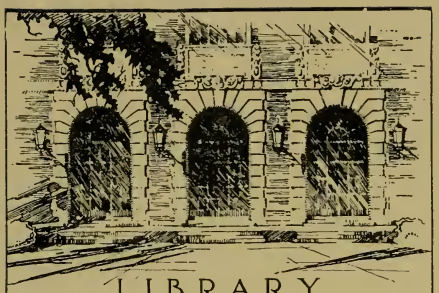

LIBRARY
OF THE
UNIVERSITY
OF ILLINOIS
823
G549t
v.2

CENTRAL CIRCULATION BOOKSTACKS

The person charging this material is responsible for its renewal or its return to the library from which it was borrowed on or before the **Latest Date** stamped below. **You may be charged a minimum fee of $75.00 for each lost book.**

Theft, mutilation, and underlining of books are reasons for disciplinary action and may result in dismissal from the University.

TO RENEW CALL TELEPHONE CENTER, 333-8400

UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS LIBRARY AT URBANA-CHAMPAIGN

NOV 9 1996

When renewing by phone, write new due date below previous due date. L162

TRANSFUSION:

BY

THE LATE WILLIAM GODWIN, JUN.

WITH A MEMOIR OF HIS LIFE AND WRITINGS,

BY HIS FATHER.

Some noble spirits—judging by themselves—
May yet conjecture what I might have been.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

LONDON:
JOHN MACRONE, ST. JAMES'S SQUARE.
MDCCCXXXV.

823
G549t
v.2

TRANSFUSION;

OR,

THE ORPHANS OF UNWALDEN.

CHAPTER I.

An image was before mine eyes; there was silence, and I heard a voice.

JOB.

Then after many tears and sorrows spent,
She dear besought the prince of remedy;
Who thereto did with ready will consent,
And well performed, as shall appear by his event.

THE FAERY QUEENE.

THE first anxious task which the Count de Mara had to undergo was to break the information of Deboos' death to the Orphans, and to shape it in such a manner that they should not feel it necessary to ask for more particulars than he felt dis-

posed to give ; for he could not doubt that if Madeline's suspicions were once roused, there would be no pause in her activity till she should trace the fictitious Madame Lalande to be the hapless Madame Deboos, and thus probe one of the chief mysteries of De Mara's scheme.

The fear that this undesired event might happen instilled the proper requisite of horror into the subtle nobleman's countenance; so that when he waited on Madeline to acquaint her with the loss she had sustained, he was able, without doing violence to his nature, to dress out his face with the necessary habiliments of woe, and to subdue his tone to that melancholy cadence which is at once the companion and the indicator of a heavy heart.

The grief which the Orphans felt at the announcement thus made by De Mara was real and unaffected; but the degree in which each entertained it differed. Madeline, though she had felt full respect for the character of one who had been her deceased mother's chosen friend, did not feel a

loss that came home directly to her own bosom and left a blank in her heart. There were affection and respect and esteem in her sentiments towards Deboos, but sympathy for the most part was wanting. But to Albert the loss was that of a companion. The manner in which De Mara monopolized the attention of his sister had forced him upon Deboos till he had in a manner moulded her to a fashion of his own, and, loving her himself, compelled her to love him in return. The death of this female, therefore, was robbing Albert of a large portion of his little store of affections, and he felt it proportionally severely. He had long thought how happy he should be, could he find a friend awake to the motions of his soul: he met Deboos, and (right or wrong) conceived that in her that friend was found. No wonder, then, that he drooped at being deprived of a companion for whom he had long been eager, and who seemed to have been only bestowed to be taken away again at the moment that her value was just beginning to be appreciated.

As far as the Count's apprehensions were concerned, however, the scene passed off to his heart's content. The story that he told was received with sorrow, but without suspicion; and it was readily acceded to his representations that the care of her funeral should be left to him to discharge. He explained that the suddenness of the decease (though he dropped no hint of the pregnant suspicions of foul play that appeared from the circumstances of her death) had placed the corpse in a manner within the scope of the law, and that it would therefore necessarily be unpleasant for the Orphans to visit the remains of their late friend. De Mara's wisdom and prudence were acknowledged; and the whole arrangement was left in his hands, with many thanks for his friendly intervention.

This piece of good fortune was speedily followed by another, and De Mara began to think that the Fates were on his side, and fighting for him. One of the chief anxieties he had had, and that which had induced him to be so peremptory with De-

boos for the removal of his mistress from Geneva, was his apprehension of the return of the real Madame Lalande from Genoa, and some unlucky coincidence bringing her and Madeline together. On the day on which he announced the death of Deboos to the Orphans, however, he received a letter from a friend at Genoa, who had been employed to watch the motions of Madame Lalande, announcing that that lady had been seized by a dangerous fever,—that her life was despaired of,—and that even in the event of her getting the better of the attack, it would leave her in such a weak state as to render her utterly unfit to undertake so long a journey as that from Genoa to Geneva for some months. This information was in the highest degree gratifying to the Count, for it allowed him to abandon a scheme which he had always held to be dangerous, and which had become doubly so since the death of his coadjutrix ; and he felt free to return to the prosecution of his former arrangements with redoubled energy and vigour.

But here, as before, he still found Albert to be his stumbling-block ; and having, as he believed, disposed of all other difficulties in his way, he determined to set himself to work in right earnest to rid himself of this breaker a-head, that was perpetually thwarting the navigation of his bark of adventure.

As the time is now arrived when Albert's motions are to become a principal feature in the events that belong to this history of the Orphans of Unwalden, it may be as well to develope his character more particularly than heretofore, in order that the result which it produced may be more satisfactorily comprehended. It has been observed that Albert's virtues were rather of a passive than an active description,—that there was more of endurance than execution about his character:—but this is to be understood with an exception. That he had more of the energy of patience, than of performance, is true; but it was from the peculiar circumstances of his life that this had taken its origin; and if he had never

displayed more determined features of action, it was because the opportunity for their being evinced had never presented itself, and not that he was without their germs in the constitution of his mind. Hitherto he had been in years little more than a boy; and the faithful kindness and solicitude with which he had been tended by his mother and sister had rendered him still more helpless, or rather still less active on his own account than he would otherwise have been. But his mother,—the prime originator and chief conductor of those tendernesses that had surrounded his walk through life, as the young sapling is swathed in moss to protect it from the adverse heavens,—was dead; and his sister,—the child of thoughtlessness, the wayward creature of a thousand hurricanes of passion,—had unwillingly gradually weaned him from those placidities which enervated while they gratified. Since his arrival at Geneva he had taken his first lesson in thinking for himself. Self-taught, he was liable to form wrong judgments; but at all events he had advanced the

first step towards plumbing the depths of human character; and taking the Count de Mara and the fictitious Madame Lalande for his groundwork, he had mapped out for himself a chart of the human mind.

Perhaps he might have stopped here; but the course of events pressed hard upon him, and forced him into the current, as in a mountain stream we sometimes see a floating fragment of wood that has been long snugly ensconced in the bay of an eddy, urged from its station, and driven into the whirl of waters by the unexpected accession of a diverted rivulet, which, after swooping in a bend of its own fashioning, returns its borrowed sources to the parent stream.

The first of these events was the death of Deboos. He had found a companion but to lose her; and again, after a temporary range, his mind was driven to sojourn with itself, and be its own keeper. For a few days it was able to bear its own company; but that capability quickly died away, and it grew weary of the solitary state in

which it sat. The soul of Albert pined for an associate,—ay, a thousand times more than it had ever pined before his companionship with Deboos had awakened it to the full sense of social enjoyment. He was somewhat in the state of Crusoe, who for four-and-twenty years submitted with a better grace to the solitary existence of his Island life, than he could muster when after that lapse a wrecked ship showed him how near a prospect there had been of his having a mate;—in the language of that outcast from the world, he might have exclaimed—"Oh, that there had been but one or two, nay, or but one soul saved out of the ship, to have escaped to me, that I might but have had one companion, one fellow-creature to have spoken to me, and to have conversed with!" While, in the words of Defoe, the historian of our poor Albert may moralize—"There are some secret moving springs in the affections; which, when they are set a-going by some object in view,—or be it some object, though not in view, yet rendered present to the mind by the power of imagination,—

whose motion carries out the soul by its impetuosity to such violent eager embracings of the object, that the absence of it is insupportable."

The outward and visible signs of this movement of Albert's mind were in the first instance a sort of fitful reverie, that took possession of him for the first few days after De Mara's announcement to the Orphans of the death of Deboos, but which after that period gradually developed itself in a wild uneasiness of manner, continually seeking the presence and observation of Madeline. As long as the first exhibition lasted, the Count was well pleased with the consequences of the feeling produced by the death of Deboos: but when the first gave way to the second, and he found that it was restlessly impelling Albert to a demand on the attention of his sister, the nobleman began to see that if he would possess Madeline's society without the incumbrance of her brother, it was necessary to take immediate and peremptory steps to employ the youth in some new pursuit, that should distract his mind from its present determination. Not

only was there in Albert's manner an immediate annoyance to his schemes, but, still worse, there was every reason to dread that if suffered to continue, it would speedily undergo another change, and assume a still more disagreeable importunity.

These points determining the Count as to the course it was necessary for him to take, all that remained was to invent the means that should best enable him to give vigour and success to that course. Long did he deliberate on this subject, and various were the projects that suggested themselves to his fertile brain; and he found full opportunity of appreciating the difficulties that occur to a man who undertakes to find employment for a being whom Nature has deprived of one of his most valuable rights.

While these thoughts were continually engaging the attention of De Mara, it happened that an eminent physician, who had made all Bologna resound with the wonder of his cures and the profoundness of his knowledge, came to sojourn for a

while at Geneva ; and amongst his letters of introduction was one to the Signor Maravelli, with whom our reader has already formed an acquaintance at the roadside inn, and who since that event has been left to feast in unmentioned solitude on the wager that *ought* to have been paid to him by the Count. It was at Maravelli's house that De Mara and the celebrated Doctor Valdi were introduced to one another.

It was not often that De Mara troubled this friend, or the others that formed his cortège on that day of his first introduction to Madeline, with a visit : his attendance on his mistress was too constant, and their boon companion jests on his pursuit were too unwelcome, to induce him to present himself among them very frequently ; nor would he have broken through his general feeling on this occasion, but that the same Genoese friend who had written to apprise him of the state of the real Madame Lalande had made him acquainted with the circumstance of Doctor Valdi having attended her during his stay in that city, and that

it was to him chiefly that she owed the baffling of the fever so far as to save her life, though all his skill could not restore her to immediate health. When, therefore, the nobleman heard by chance from Altoz, with whom he still kept up a more constant intercourse than with the other members of his former knot of companions, that Valdi was a visiter at Maravelli's house, he felt a curiosity to have a personal interview with the physician, in order that he might learn from his own lips the probabilities as to the period of her entire recovery and her expected return to Geneva.

The introduction of Madame Lalande's name led Valdi into an account of the disease with which she had been attacked, and he was induced by the willing ear which his auditory lent to branch still farther out, and detail several curious cases that had come within his practice. He had just finished in a tone of honourable self-satisfaction the account of one extraordinary instance of the restoration of a person's sight by means of

a novel invention of his own, when some one of the party observed, that from the pride which Doctor Valdi seemed to take in stating that cure, he presumed that it was the one which, even in the course of his long experience and success, had cost him most anxiety, and had afforded him most gratification.

"I cannot entirely admit that," said Valdi in reply: "as to the anxiety I experienced, you may perhaps be right; for no man, however skilful, can meddle with so delicate an organ as the eye without feeling a nervous solicitude, unless he be more or less than man. But of all the operations I ever undertook, that for which I felt the most triumph at my success, was one which I had to perform on a child that had been born deaf, and whose case had been under the consideration of the most eminent men of Paris."

The Count started as if a sudden thought had been afforded to him by the speech of the professor, and, in conjunction with others of the com-

pany, expressed a desire to hear the particulars of the case.

" On examining my patient," said the physician, " I was soon convinced that the seat of his disease, or deprivation of sense, was situated deep in the defectve organ, and that whatever operation I might undertake must be equally deep, and consequently endangering to the internal structure of the head. This was of course fully stated to the parents of the child, though I at the same time added, that if they thought it right to undergo a great risk for a great advantage, I would not shrink from the task. They were pleased after due deliberation to accept my offer, and I accordingly prepared myself for the operation. I will not trouble your unscientific ears with a tedious detail of the construction of the parts, or of the instruments I was in consequence led to invent, and use on the occasion. Certain it is that they cost me more thought and trouble than I had ever spent on any one case before in the whole course of my life: but they enabled me to perform my

undertaking successfully, and the child is now living with its faculty of hearing completely restored,—and so perfect, that I feel it to be no presumption, when I say that it will remain as long as any of the other natural functions of the patient may endure."

De Mara made no remark on what he had heard, but he did not think the less of it; and as he early withdrew from the party, it afforded his mind matter of debate for the rest of the evening. The more he considered the matter, the more it seemed to him that he had met with an expedient suited in the highest degree to his purpose. That Valdi's skill was sufficient to restore to Albert his lost sense of hearing he would not doubt; or if he did, he intended to take care that no one else of the parties interested should have a scruple on that head; and then, if it should unfortunately happen that the operation proved fatal, why no one was to blame, and Albert's interference would be at an end more effectually than any other method could accomplish. On the other hand, supposing

the operator turned out successful, and Albert as to his senses was made a perfect man, the best foresight the Count could give to the change led him to believe that it would be the means of removing that portion of Albert's conduct which most annoyed him. It was true that a restored sense of hearing would act against his interests, so far as it would enable the youth to take part in future in any conversation De Mara might have with the Orphans ; but, on the opposite, it was to be hoped that the new and unexpected enjoyment which Albert would possess, would lead him to a greater range and scope than he had heretofore undertaken, and, by engaging him in fresh pursuits, relieve the lover and his mistress from that continual attendance on his part, which was a perpetual stumbling-block to the progress of the other. An additional motive with the Count to recommend this undertaking to the Orphans was, that though the subject of Albert's intrusion had had possession of his mind for days, he had not been able to suggest to himself a plan sufficiently feasi-

ble to get rid of the youth's observations without awakening the suspicions of the sister: so that this newly devised arrangement, independently of its own intrinsic recommendations, presented itself in the shape of a *dernière ressource*, beyond which all was uncertainty and dilemma.

The result of these self-deliberations of De Mara was, that on the following morning he broke his design both to the Orphans and to the learned physician, who had suggested the first thought to his scheming mind.

With respect to the former party, his success was sufficient to carry him on in the hopes he had formed ;—the chief opposition that he met with was from Albert himself. There must have been a strange sort of structure in the mind of the youth, for among all his reveries—and his day-dream list contained not a few—that of being blessed with hearing had never entered his imagination; and the time for proposing it to him was inopportune,—not that he saw into the deep-concerted intention of its originator, but because

since the decease of Deboos his mind had been so entirely occupied with picturing how he might again be "as infinite as all" to his sister, that he could not look with favour on any plan which, not appearing on its face to have any thing in it which should forward that idea, was in the comparison "blank as nothing." But whatever coldness Albert might on this account entertain towards the suggestion of De Mara was more than made up by the irresistible eagerness with which his sister entered into it. How often had she wept over the misfortune of her brother! How often had she deplored that Nature, bounteous in all other respects, had, as if in mockery of her own most excellent workmanship, suffered a flaw which blemished the whole structure! How often had she thought what worlds she would give,—what sacrifices she would make,—what joy unutterable she would feel, could some miracle (for nought else had ever presented itself to her uninstructed mind) render that structure perfect, and give her brother that enjoyment which she had felt when

she heard the birds carol high in the vast cerulean, the solemn organ peal a heaven-taught symphony, or the voice of man discourse in tones such as struck the sense of hearing as the true music of the soul. To whatever, therefore, Albert objected, her answer was ready and overflowing. She conjured him by the love he had ever entertained towards her,—by the memory of their dead mother, to whom she owed the duty of seeking for him every happiness and advantage,—by the judgment to which he had ever ceded, and which had always been exercised with most care for his sake, —by these and a thousand other sisterly *aves* she conjured him to submit to this operation. She wept—she prayed—she smiled—she entreated—and she conquered.

When De Mara mentioned the subject to Dr. Valdi, the physician looked grave. It was true that he had once succeeded in this dangerous operation; and it was equally true, that his conscience and his heart led him to undertake all, however perilous, for the benefit of his fellow-

creatures. But his former patient was a child of eight or nine years of age, while this new subject for his skill had arrived at his seventeenth year; and it was a matter for serious consideration whether those fine parts, which could only be meddled with in a child under great peril and hazard, were not become, in an adolescent, so rigid and determined as to render the risk almost certainly fatal to life. De Mara, to whom these apprehensions were clearly stated, had gone too far, and succeeded too well with the more interested parties, to allow the professor's objections to go unanswered. He represented to him that points of difficulty, which ought to have great weight in a first attempt, were much palliated and subdued in the repetition of an operation: in the case of the first patient, it was a new and untried instrument that had to be taken in hand, which, however theoretically correct, naturally awakened in the operator's mind great anxiety as to the practical result. All that anxiety might now fairly be said to have evaporated; and, therefore, when the

professor spoke of dangers and perils, it was worth considering whether he was not dealing with a case according to the impressions he had received in the first instance, without giving due allowance to the successful groundwork on which he had to build this second effort. At all events, on the physician's own principles of duty and risk-taking, he was bound to make the attempt, and it would be time enough to draw back from the undertaking when he found that the nature of the operation was actually leading him into danger, of which his acknowledged skill and judgment could not fail to apprise him before it was too late to recede.

I do not pretend to have set down all the arguments that were used, either on the one side or the other during this debate. It is sufficient to show, by the leading points, the spirit in which the matter was discussed, and then add the result,—which was, that Dr. Valdi undertook to attempt the operation on the assurance of the Count that all the difficulties and hazards of the thing should be fully explained to the patient.

This explanation De Mara willingly undertook to make; indeed, it was essential to him that all that had passed between the parties should take place through his intervention, and that the Orphans should see as little of Valdi as possible; for De Mara was not without apprehensions that if any freedom of conversation took place between Madeline and the physician, the name of Lalande might possibly be mentioned; and, though it might easily be supposed that there was a Madame Lalande residing at Genoa, as well as the one residing at Geneva, he did not know so exactly how much Valdi knew of his Genoese patient's history as to be willing to risk such a mention of names unnecessarily; besides which, in making Valdi's explanation to the Orphans, the Count took care to soften the improbabilities of the danger, and magnify those of the success, so as to leave the case pretty much in the same position as that in which he had originally placed it before them,—a thing he could not have hoped for, if he had allowed the professor to be his own spokesman.

In accordance with De Mara's arrangements, it was settled that the operation should be performed at his lodgings, whither he was to attend Albert, as the latter declared he could never tranquilly undergo the performance if his sister was either in the room, or so near as to force her image upon his mind. But, though Madeline appeared to yield this point to the decision of the patient, it was only in seeming, for her feelings were so involved in what was about to take place, that she entered into a secret negociation with the Count that accommodation should be afforded her in the adjoining apartment to that in which the scene was to take place, in order that she might be sufficiently near to be called instantly on the success or failure of the undertaking becoming apparent.

The important morning arrived, and Albert and De Mara proceeded to the apartments of the latter, Madeline taking a tranquil leave of them in the assurance that, in a very few minutes, she would again be secretly, but surely, by the side

of her brother, or, at least, sufficiently close to him to be all but a party to the minutiæ of the scene. When the patient and his conductor arrived at their destination, they found the professor already prepared for their reception; and as Albert took his first glance at the man on whose skill and ability so much of his future fate rested, there went a movement of gratification through his mind at being consigned to the care of one whose benevolent eye, dignified countenance, and sobriety of expression, gave token of a happy union of philanthropy, knowledge, and steadiness of purpose. The youth almost wished that he had suffered Madeline to accompany him, that she also might be cheered by gazing on the benign features of a man, who, in her belief, was destined to be the introducer of complete organization to her brother's sensory.

As this was one of the cases in which Valdi was unable, owing to the physical defect of Albert, to pursue his usual course of endeavouring, in the first instance, to alleviate the mind of the

patient before he proceeded to that which called for his labours, a few minutes only were suffered to elapse before he proceeded to that examination which foreruns the chirurger's judgment on each individual case. A short investigation was sufficient to assure him that the case was similar to that which, by its recital, had introduced him to the notice of De Mara; and, feeling that he had already said every thing to the friend of the patient that caution dictated, he proceeded to arrange his instruments for the undertaking.

While this was doing, a deep silence reigned through the apartment. Albert, with patience and resolution on his brow, sat motionless in the chair that had been prepared for him, while the Count and a female, whose presence had been engaged in case her assistance should be required, stood in watchful anxiety, gazing on the various strangely moulded instruments that the anatomist handled with a facility and unconcern wondrous, and almost appalling to unscientific eyes. Silence — all was silence, save when some delicately

fashioned machine clinked against its fellow as they passed in survey under the dextrous hand and eye of Valdi, and once—save once, when the quick ear of the Count detected a rapid, fairy-like, but nervous footfall stealing over the stairs, and ending in the gentle creaking of a door.

At length the operator pronounced his apparatus to be ready.

But whose footstep was that so hasty and so anxious ?—It was Madeline's, as she stole to the corner that had been assigned her. How stealthy is care—how strangely tacit in all its attributes! Had her step been more resounding than the elephant's as he ramps along the scorching plains of Asia,—had the faint sigh, half-suppressed and half-uttered, that forced its way through her lips, been more turbulent than the angry roar of Afric's fiercest lion, he, to whom both her silence and her sighs were dedicated, would have been equally unconscious of her vicinity. The one feeling of her soul was so predominant, that memory played her false, and allowed her to forget the indivi-

dual peculiarities of him for whom the feeling existed.

She is hidden in her solitary station: she has but one attitude—that of the profoundest listening: she has but one gaze—that towards the chamber where the scene in which her soul is present is enacting: feet fixed, eyes unmoved, nostrils dilated, lips compressed,—all show the one purpose of her spirit; and, but for the heavy breath that, against her will, forces its way into air and utterance, he, who should gaze upon her, might believe that she was one—the most beautiful—of the daughters of that famous city of the dead, where every expression of the soul has its statue, and the suddenness of the change has modelled Nature in all her universality of shapes.

But why does she hear no sound? Why is there no stir in the chamber—which to her, at that moment, is all the world? Has she lost her faculty? Is she Albert, and Albert she; and is hearing no longer a sense belonging

to her? Not a sound! not a murmur! not a whisper! not even the whisper of a whisper whereon to found the dream of one to her awakened and agitated mind!

Each moment becomes more unbearable, and she has that within her which would hurry her like a whirlwind to the spot where her soul dwells. But there is a spell upon her; —she dare not—she cannot break the weight of silence that presses her down, and institutes a want of motion over each limb and action of her frame. Could she but hear a whisper, she would go,—the moving of a chair, or the opening of a window, would unchain her from her attitude; but the grave was never more silent, or vacuum more motionless, than that which imbeds her in the lap of torture.

There is a moment beyond which the mind cannot endure the horror of suspense;— that moment is arrived with Madeline, — her soul sickens for want of food: it has been panting and yearning for some guidance to

instruct it to a conclusion of what the next room beholds. Food there is none, and the wearied spirit can no longer hold out against the faintness and atrophy that is upon it. A moment, and she sinks to earth.

But a sound, — a strange, stirring, spirit-stirring sound is heard ;—the long-looked-for nourishment is come. Is it too late ?—a moment must decide. It hurries over her soul, which may be pictured as the sail that impels the graceful structure of her body. For an instant the fabric stoops, as the long hull of the ship gives way when first she feels her sails filling with the unexpected gale ; but, as with that hull, the impression is but momentary. She rights—she rights,—Madeline is herself! and another moment conveys her to the chamber where Albert's fate has been decided.

A wondrous sight awaits her there. She enters tottering to the middle of the apartment ; but her eye is steady—most steady, fixed, and resolute,—for no one but her brother does it see. There is a

strange hue over his countenance—a strange light gleaming in his eyes — strange but gentle drops of blood trickle from his ears, which contract and expand as if under the movements of some new dilation of the organ.

" Albert,—my brother ! " cried the wonder-stricken girl, " what mean these involuntary movements ? "

" Can it be ?" said he ; " oh, may it indeed be ! —My sister speaks, and I am able to track her soft, silky sounds stealing on some new sensation within my brain : it is human music, and tells me I am no longer an outcast from my fellows of the creation ! "

Before a moment elapsed, the Orphans of Unwalden were fast locked in each other's arms ; and Albert declared a thousand times that day, that if aught could have enhanced his joy at having his faculties established in their full rights, it was that the first information of that establishment was told in the sweet tones of his sister's voice.

CHAPTER II.

But soon the eyes rendered the ears their right;
For such strange harmony he seem'd to hear,
That all his senses flock'd into his ear,
And every faculty wish'd to be seated there.

SPENSER.

I know him for a villain; one that hath lost
All feeling of humanity,—one that hates
Goodness in others 'cause he 's ill himself.

MASSINGER.

Now, indeed, it seemed as if Albert's cup of joy was full as heart could wish. He no longer sat in mournful silence among the gay of spirit, and looked wistfully on their curling lips and dimpling cheeks, which told him they were pushing mirth to its height, and enjoying its mazy rounds:

no longer an interloper, he was one of the party, and had his share in

> Quips and cranks, and wanton wiles,
> Nods, and becks, and wreathed smiles,
> Such as hang on Hebe's cheek,
> And love to live in dimple sleek;
> Sport that wrinkled Care derides,
> And Laughter holding both his sides.

His sensations were those of another being, or rather of the same being transported into an entirely new scene of action. His heart, night and day, bounded within him for excess of joy; and, in the plenitude of his delight, sleep was too tame an attendant to be allowed to touch his eyelids with her forgetful salve. When the shades of night were on the earth, and others addressed themselves to slumber, Albert would throw himself carelessly on his couch, and scan, with wakeful fancy, his soul's one thought, imbibing fresh draughts of pleasure from the mere consideration of the mighty change that one half hour had produced within him.

"Oh, my new-gained sense!" thus would he commune with himself; "how cheaply prized till found! how dearly valued now I know thy excellence! fond fool that I was to dream — to idly dream that I was made acquainted with the world's delights; when the sweetest, the tenderest, and the heartiest of its pleasures were beyond my apprehension! In my ignorance fain would I have turned philosopher, and formed an abstract picture of what this faculty was capable of presenting. How poor the image, how feeble the portraiture! Oh, how unlike the truth was the warmest painting of my soul! With what foolish fancy did I make it this or that, something I could touch,—something I could taste,—something I could see,—or mixture undefined of all this triad, but no more like this God-appointed sense of hearing than the foul-shaped block of the savage resembles the awful presence of a world's Creator. Already I feel the greatness of my change—now I stand a man; then I lay couchant, but a senseless moveable, with no ear — no capa-

city for soft sounds, that now come breathing over me, as fairy's whisper to the moonlight of a summer eve. Methought I knew my sister, and loved her; but oh, how poor was my estimate of her beauties! Her soul-breathing eye I could see; her grace-abounding steps I could watch; her soft and living skin, more delicate than dew that has kissed the rose, I could touch, and I loved her. But what is my feeling now that I can add to all these a perception of her chiefest excellence? What are her eye, her steps, or her fair tapering hand, to her voice, that comes like gentle drops of manna on my ear, and even, when gone, leaves a lingering vibration behind that still holds possession of my very brain! Yes, I did but love her then; now my whole existence adores her; my whole faculties, and I speak it not profanely, are prone to worship her! De Mara, too, how wrongly have I judged him! His look, that seemed to threaten and forbid; and his carriage, that pained me by its haughty bearing,

are forgotten in the accents of his manly voice ; each tone that comes from him bears dignity in its impress ; and Nature, as well as birth, in the tongue of eloquence she has bestowed, seems to have intended to ennoble him. I will learn to think better of this man, for never could sounds of such persuasion come from a heart that was naught."

Such were the expressions in which Albert indulged in the fulness of his joy ; but the delight of Madeline was scarcely less than his own. It seemed as if she had now, for the first time, a real brother given to her ; and she felt that, in persuading him to submit to this happy operation, she had in some degree made up the loss he had sustained through her quarrel with Seaton. She sat hour after hour proving his new-born sense, and weened that she could never tire in marking the progress of its apprehension.

Even De Mara was interested in the scene, which had succeeded almost beyond his hopes. He had never wished any positive mischief to

the youth; all he had desired was to render him a non-entity in the prosecution of his suit with the sister. The more he considered the probable results of this new-found faculty, the more he thought it likely it would lead the possessor into a new course of thought and a fresh train of action; and, therefore, it was nowise contrary to his nature that he should rejoice in the result that had been brought about, and attend to its earlier developement with a feeling of interest.

A debate just at this time occurred between De Mara and his companions, as to the comparative pretensions of music and eloquence to influence the heart of man. Madeline and Albert were present; De Mara was the champion of eloquence. At length Maravelli, who had taken the opposite side, abruptly exclaimed—"Well, well, I will not dispute with you any longer, but the result will prove that I am right. There is a grand concert to be given this evening. Let us adjourn to it, and you shall soon see how its

magic sounds will attract Albert within its influence."

"I have no objection to that," cried De Mara ; "and, after all, it is the only fair way of putting the question with respect to the individual. Only remember, if it should turn out that Albert's present vacuum is supplied by music, I by no means allow that it proves its superiority over eloquence.

One subject only will one genius fit.

And, therefore, though our young friend may be satisfied with music, still the majority would yield the palm to eloquence and poetry. At all events, I shall rejoice at the trial, and still more shall I rejoice if the experiment answers the proposed effect; for I long to see his active and zealous mind suited with a pursuit that shall pour into it all those wonderful delights which so peculiarly belong to the intellectual nature of man."

"And I too shall rejoice beyond expression,"

cried the affectionate sister; "I want to see my Albert under music's influence; for I cannot doubt, but that a soul so tender, so affectionate, and so overflowing with nature's purest kindliness, will find in the soft tones of harmony the food for which it pines."

Albert, who had listened with the deepest attention to all that had passed, likewise joined in the proposition: the Chevalier, however, seemed desirous of carrying his triumph over Maravelli still further, but he was interrupted by Madeline.

"Come," cried she, "if you are not afraid of refutation, it is time for you to drop your theory, that we may give practice an opportunity of illustration. The church has long since chimed six, and we shall be too late for the concert if we do not break up this learned conclave and adjourn to the assembly-rooms."

The hint was received in good part by the company, and every body rose to make themselves ready for the movement. Little prepara-

tion was sufficient; and as the distance was but short, and the night fine, it was agreed to walk. Each had a companion save Albert—the Count, ever ready to engross to himself the attention of Madeline, placed himself by her side, and led the way: Maravelli, Altoz, and Valdi followed, deep in conversation, as the former was still unwilling to give up the thread of that argument into which he had entered so spiritedly. Each had a companion save Albert;—but if he was alone, it was a spirit of self-exclusion that induced it. Huge masses of mental food had been offered to him in the course of the conversation that had been carried on, and he wanted the opportunity to digest its substance. It was the first time that he had been introduced to any thing like the encounter of wits, and the setting of one man's thoughts against another; and he was, as it were, confounded between the conflicting testimony that the one or the other had brought forward to support his view of the subject. Nor was this all. His mind had been

much excited;—it was natural that it should have been; for the whole of this novelty of situation was deeply involved with the interest attaching to his own particular position. It was as though he had been their only topic—his feelings—his faculties—his sensations; and the words that had fallen from them had been listened to by him with a correspondent attention.

When, therefore, he found himself released from the quick and rapid changes of ideas which their dialogue had presented to his mind, he was glad, in mere self-relief, to follow the party at a distance, and afford his intellect a pause. Pause, however, there hardly was:—his movement checked the addition of further matter for consideration, but could not prevent his reiterating to himself each point and turn of thought that had been impressed upon him. It was all a scene of wonder and amazement; and when he reached the concert-room, he could hardly be said to be in a less excited state than he was when he quitted his own home.

But his first glances at the hall of music disappointed him. Maravelli's enthusiasm, which had painted music as the ambrosia of the gods, had led his new disciple to expect to find in the abode of this heavenly food a receptacle suited to so sacred and high-prized an office. He could find no such symbol of sublimity or reality: the room was handsome, lofty, and spacious, with an orchestra at one end, and seats at the other; but it had none of that mysterious aspect which his own crude conclusions on the Italian's description had led him to expect. He looked around, and there was something wanting;—what it was, he could not tell;—he was not bound to tell, for he had come there to ascertain what that something was, not to pourtray that which was a strange and undefined enigma to his imagination.

The first general glance not having satisfied his inquiry, he tried to single out something that would better accord with the present tone of his feelings. The place that ought to afford this

most amply was the orchestra, and he examined its contents with a minuteness and curiosity, such as a Red Indian might be supposed to have when a watch is placed in his hand for the first time, and he starts back at the idea of his being within the reach of some unknown and perhaps poisonous living creature; or, perhaps, in the absence of an alarm so native, he rather resembled Spenser's butterfly in his visit to the flower garden.

> There he, arriving, round about doth flie
> From this to that, from one to other border,
> And takes survey with curious busie eye
> Of every flowre and herbe there set in order.

Still, however, the investigation was unsatisfactory. The shapes of the instruments were certainly quaint and uncommon; but, for the most part, that quaintness was rather uncouth than beauteous. He had expected to gaze on the delicate and aerial-like condition of a fairy; and in its place found nothing but the crooked and piebald phantasma of a goblin. The long and lanky

flute, bored with many holes, seemed to him like some serpent stiffened in the frost, with each round spot upon his skin made more visible by the crisping of the air: the violin, to his fancy, was some new model of a fantastic Chinese slipper, with the toe moulded to some fresh and unparalleled device: the huge drum was no better than a vast and endless roll of covered parchment, too large even for a lawyer's office; and the clarionet, with its strange and zigzag mouldings, called to his memory the door-posts of some dandy burgomaster's Dutch villa, as he had seen them given in old pictures of Holland's favoured edifices.

These unsatisfactory glances and strange similitudes, which Albert's active fancy furnished, passed with rapid progress through his mind, and it might be that they somewhat damped the ardour of his expectation; but even if they did, the embers of his previous excitement still lay smouldering in his brain, and ready to burst forth again in active flame on the first disturbance

they might receive in their present equivocal state.

But the time allotted for this survey was but short. The signal for the performers to enter the orchestra was given, and they streamed in one after the other till the place was filled. A minute after, the leader made his appearance, and took his seat on an elevation in the midst of them. There was something about the appearance of this person calculated to catch the attention. His features wore a strictness and severity of expression, which his little twinkling eye would seem to belie; and there appeared to be about his whole behaviour a mockery of staidness, which might have been meant for dignity, but which, to the judicious observer, stood a far greater chance of being interpreted as an assumption of that characteristic, and not its reality.

A word more about this "Maestro di Capella," though it makes our story halt for a moment. How he ever came to be thrust into the regions

of music, no one could relate. There, however, he was, with something like a reputation in his profession, though, beyond a correct mechanical mode of performance on his instrument, he had no one point to recommend him. But though the judicious here placed the boundary to his merits, the maestro himself was by no means of the same opinion: somebody had once told him, early in his career, that he resembled Haydn; why, Heaven only knows, for the strongest point of resemblance was, that both had noses: but the hint was taken, and from that moment he was determined to be, not only like Haydn, but equal to Haydn, so that in future ages the names of Haydn and Herr Sassenhogt should be mentioned together. He set to work at composition. Haydn had had his "Seasons;" why should not Sassenhogt have his "Climates?" Haydn had delighted all Europe with his "Sinfonias;"—his compeer was determined to astound as many with his "Trombodrumbolargos,"—a word of his own invention, but not badly suited to express the

principal feature of his rival compositions. But it was not only in these great results that he would be thought like Haydn: his hair must be dressed in the same style, his gait must assume the same carriage, and he had actually paid a Russian Jew eight hundred rubles for a pair of dingy paste shoe-buckles, because the fellow, who was "bearded like the pard," had had the wit to persuade him that they were those which Haydn had worn to his dying day. To those who were acquainted with Herr Sassenhogt, all these base metal imitations of something beyond his comprehension were mightily annoying; and the only advantage that they, and the world at large, had ever gained by the connexion was, that the maestro, because Haydn had done so, insisted on all the performers under him having the instruments ready tuned before the company of the evening were admitted; so that they, like the band that had been under the guidance of that immortal master of harmony, might strike off on the given signal without any of those

abominable tr—tr—tr—truts (as Tristram Shandy calls them) which are ever most offensive "to ears polite" in music.

Hark! 'tis the little tap of the maestro in token of the commence. Albert knows not the meaning of the sound, but still it reaches the spirit that was lying dormant within him; which, in its turn, confesses the appeal, and begins to be roused from its inactivity. The whole room is hush, as though the heart, great mistress of the whole, had commanded silence from the other members of the human constitution. Another gentler yet more authoritative tap succeeds.—They start in one grand crash.

The very first bar had its effect upon Albert: with a convulsive grasp his hand clenched the seat on which he sat, as though some great exertion of animal strength was necessary to keep him in his place. Bar on bar succeeds,—and the swelling sound, full of majesty and grace, takes possession of all the vacant air. Albert is in ecstacy, but it is that sort of ecstacy which seems

by its very virtue to threaten to overwhelm the patient; it is too essential for man to endure.

The spirit of the composition somewhat subsides. Gently, and in soothing measure, it seeks to diffuse itself through the soul that a moment before it was taking by storm. The heart of Albert melts within him; and big round tears rush from nature's sluices down his conscious cheeks. Still more and more the measure urges him: he would conceal the deep sobbing of his breast, but cannot.

Again the measure changes; and again it takes all Albert with it. A strange concord of sweet sounds now rushes through the room—not the bold and overwhelming summons of the first, nor the gentle insidious magic of the second, but a mingling of both.

> "The force of Nature could no further go;
> To make a third, she joined the former two."

For a while—for a short while, Albert listens to the strain; but it was with a sort of ecstatic

agony that must be relieved, or give way before the effort. No relief comes. It seems as though the great master, whose work it was, had been foretold the purpose to which it would that evening be applied, and, vain of his power, had put it forth to the utmost of his genius. The youth gasps and pants for want of very breath; still no release from the sweet agony that thralls him; and then, as if in act of mere self-preservation, he rushes from the room he knows not whither.

Which way he moves, he heeds not. The penetrating sounds he has just quitted still vibrate in his ears, and he hurries on as though the swiftness of his motion might serve to cool the transports of his brain. By degrees his rhapsody subsides, and he finds himself, he knows not how, on the banks of that mighty lake that is the pride of Switzerland and the admiration of the world. With easier pace and more considerate tread, he moves along the shore. The dulcet sound of the flowing waters, as they meet the land, is a gentler

music, and softens the fiery spirit awake within him. He rouses from the trance which has come upon him like an incubus of pleasing torture, as mighty over him in its sway as Allova's Dream to the soul of the hero, and is able to take survey of each surrounding object. The whole scene that thus in a moment breaks upon his view is suited to allay the fierce ferment he had undergone: while his ear feasts on the tranquil music of the waters, his eye receives a like delight from the high moon of heaven that silvers all the wave, and by its sparkling reflection picks out the snow-capt apex of some giant mountain from the distant obscurity. As he looks around him, he feels that the new-born impressions of his soul are as capable of affording pleasure as pain. The first breaking-in upon his unprepared sensory has lost its irritating influence; and what remains is of that elastic and joy-exciting kind in which the mind delights to revel, and which gives it tone and feeling to imbibe the most refreshing delights from all that nature and the world offer to its survey.

UNIVERSITY OF
ILLINOIS LIBRARY

Engaged in these pleasant scenes, he wanders on till his course is stopped by a jetty that projects from the water-side. To his eye, taught by the early scenes of Unwalden to look for the picturesque, it affords an agreeable interruption ; and he amuses his fancy by observing on the ground the grotesque shadowings its open and straggling timber affords to the moon, that shines on the other side in uninterrupted lustre. As the lazy bachelor after his solitary meal sits over his winter fire, and traces in the arrangement of the glowing embers various objects of "flood and field," so Albert, in the vivacity of his fancy, discovers in the deep shadows cast from this rude piece of workmanship a new and freakful set of pictures. In one spot he traces the rude outline of a Moorish cupola, and he thinks of fair Circassians, Damascene sabres, and Iman's vows:—but his eye roves ; and the next shadow or two taken into the story, the cupola melts away, or, being remodelled to the working of his fancy, helps to picture forth a pack of wolves straining their famished bodies in pursuit of a gallant steed,

that gallops up, and up, and up a strange ascent, till the whole dissolves, and the imaginary scene is gone as it came. But what is this? The outline of a man! Yet how strangely perfect in all its parts—no limb is wanting—no proportion wrong, even to the very profile of his face. The youth looks up to discover what strange arrangement of timbers produces so perfect a delusion, and through the maze of wood-work beholds a man indeed.

As soon as this unexpected intruder on the privacy of the scene perceived that he was observed, he threw a large cloak around him:—the shadowed outline, as pourtrayed by the moon on the tranquil shore, was turned into an unmeaning mass. But the man—the creature—still remained something too living and substantial for the moon to influence.

Albert, who was neither of a fearful nature, nor had yet been taught by bad men the lesson of dread, stood for a minute gazing at the stranger; and then, as if unwilling to intermeddle

with a matter in which he had no pretence for being a party, turned gently round and prepared to retrace his steps. A quick motion of the midnight cloaker, however, seemed as if this was about to be prevented, for he strode rapidly forward, and placed himself in front of the orphan. Albert paused, as if questioning the meaning of this interruption: the other paused also, as if in doubt, and then, apparently changing his intentions, he moved out of the youth's direct path, who walked slowly forward, somewhat surprised at finding that by his pace the stranger regulated his own.

"My good friend," at length said Albert, "is it so very necessary that we should walk together?"

"The voice too," muttered the other;—"voice and face—face and voice! I did not think I had so much heart left;"—but still he kept pace with the youth.

Albert did not well know what to make of his new acquaintance; but he determined to bring

the point to an issue. Suddenly he made a full stop, and said, "Come, Sir, be pleased to choose your road. Take which you list; but in return leave me also to my own free choice."

The man gazed again at the boy as if irresolute what to do. "I never yet," said he with a heavy voice, "did sue for charity—I never thought I should: but there is something in the tones that meet my ear that would alter my purpose; so let it be for charity's sake that you afford me help."

Albert was not altogether pleased with this address, but there was a bitterness in the voice that addressed him that, to his nice ear, bespoke misery and want, and he gave the demander the only two francs he had in his possession. "This is my whole stock," said he; "would it were more!"

"Money and kindness too!" cried the other, and there seemed to be a strong inward feeling on him. "Will my friend forgive me if I ask his name?"

"I am afraid that can be of little use; however, it is Albert Schvolen, at your service."

He in the cloak shook his head, as if in disappointment; and they again moved on together in silence.

At length the youth exclaimed, "This is against our contract: the money was given on condition that we parted. So, good night."

"Yet one word," cried the other; "I am a man without friend or connexion—without money and without means. Cannot your young heart pity such a one?"

Albert's answer was a sigh.

"If that sigh was for me, I could—Psha! is this to be my strain after all that has passed? Yet one word;—a last effort with a distant friend will occupy me a month. It is a mad request I have to make; but will you, one month hence, meet me at this hour at the Jetty?"

Albert started, as if he felt that it was indeed a mad request, and gravely shook his head as he gave a decided negative.

"By Heaven," cried the other, his voice rising with anger, "you must, for I feel,—no matter what; but you *must* come!"

Albert was again peremptory in his refusal, on which the stranger grasped him by the shoulder, as though he were Gigas standing over a mere son of earth, while he exclaimed, "Never will I loose my hold till you promise to come."

Albert began to be alarmed. "Why not come to me in Geneva?" he replied.

"Come to you—and in Geneva! no, no, I have too much respect for my neck to set foot in Geneva just now. I would as soon jump into a tiger's den, or face an alligator. Promise, young sir, promise to come."

Albert, still more terrified, cried, "I do promise."

"On this night month at twelve?"

"I promise."

"Then farewell till then, and see you keep that promise; or neither Geneva nor ten thousand gates of adamant shall shut me from you."

And with rapid strides he vanished from the spot, where the youth stood awhile, wrapt in wonder and dismay.

It was not, however, long before he made his way home. On his arrival he found the whole party he had so abruptly quitted at the concert-room naturally anxious on account of his absence: but under the plea of indisposition he avoided any explanation, and sought his own room, where for many an hour he ruminated on the strange events that had filled the evening.

CHAPTER III.

GEN. Amazement still pursues me,—how am I changed,
Or brought ere I can understand myself
Into this new world!
ROB. You will believe no witches?
GEN. This makes me believe all,—ay, any thing.
HEYWOOD AND BROOME'S LATE LANCASHIRE WITCHES.

LET it not be said that Albert's sensations on that eventful night of music and excitement were beyond the nature of man. Those who have been accustomed to the liquid tones of harmony from their first infancy, beginning with the muse's song when she would hush the sickly babe to slumber, have learned the effect of magic chords betimes, and with each lesson have imbibed a share of self-governance and controul; so that when their facul-

ties have grown to that full strength, which enables them to taste the true spirit of music's meaning, there is a discretionary prudence near at hand, also full grown, which seems to check that wild and ardent overrunning of the soul, which mastered Albert in his first moments of receiving the insidious strain that diffused itself through each cranny of his brain. His very sense and power of conception were ready for the impulse; but no early training of the mind, or customary apprehension through the sense of hearing, had put it in his power to tame and subdue those fine and thrilling emotions which came with keener relish, but with more irresistible dominion over him.

With this pervading stimulus active in his mind, it will be small matter of wonder that the subsequent occurrences of the evening had but little of his attention. When he thought of the strange creature that had met him on the shores of the Lake, his experience was not enough to deduce the conclusion whether he was most mad-

man, rogue, or fool—one or other, or all of them he must have been; and Albert shortly dismissed him from his mind, with the sensible determination of thinking no more either of him or of his midnight appointment.

The effect that De Mara had been desirous of producing seemed to be working its way to his fullest satisfaction, and he was each day able to perceive in Albert's manner more and more alteration from his former habits and pursuits. Long solitary walks, or whole hours spent by himself in the solitude of his chamber, seemed now to be his sole delight; and though the Count might at first have been dubious as to the influence under which this was taking place, it was impossible long to be in suspense on this particular. Steal to his chamber-door when the youth thought himself alone, or softly creep behind him as he strolled along some unfrequented walk, and ever was he to be heard repeating to himself those beauteous passages of mingled harmony that had so entirely taken

possession of his imagination : the accuracy with which he had caught them was astonishing ; it seemed as though this new gift of hearing had been bestowed on him for this and this alone, and that all other sounds were dead and unprofitable in the comparison.

De Mara found but two drawbacks to the completement of Albert's virtual separation from his sister : the one was in Madeline's uneasiness at the violent manner in which her brother was affected, and the other in Albert's occasional voluntary return to his former customs. For days he would scarcely be seen by any one : if he joined them at meals, it was only for form-sake ; and often before the ceremony was half performed, he would start up, and again disappear for many hours : but still there were times when all this changed, and he returned to the society of De Mara and his sister. The question was, from what principle this reaction arose ; and the Count with his usual perspicuity turned his whole attention to the point. From what he was

able to make out, he came to the conclusion that this restlessness of Albert arose from an over-much dwelling upon one particular theme, till it came almost under the guise of a fearful phantasma to his imagination, and forced him through mere nervous apprehension to seek relief in the society of human beings where brain-fed and unreal images find more difficulty of access.

With this mystery interpreted to his satisfaction, the Count thought that he perceived how one remedy would be sufficient to remove the uneasiness of both the orphans. He presented to Madeline a picture of her brother, which was not very far from the truth: he showed her how he was suffered too much to brood by himself, and run riot in his imaginations, till those very imaginations turned upon him and held him, as it were, at bay: he bade her observe how it was only when most depressed and affrighted that Albert sought the society of his fellow-beings; and how, when somewhat re-assured by an observance of their humanities, he again plunged into

the recesses of his own chimeras. The remedy that De Mara had to suggest for this fitfulness of intellect was, that some one should be found whose musical talent should be such as to render him a suitable companion for Albert; and who at the same time should be possessed of a steadiness of purpose that should tend to make the youth more methodical in his researches, and prevent his feeding his own crude faculty with a deleterious mixture of what he might imagine to be music.

Madeline thankfully acceded to this proposal, for she saw in it nothing but what was calculated to be most beneficial to her brother: nor was he averse from it; for though he at first winced under the idea of having any human creature partake of the sacred and unutterable effusions of his brain, yet when he understood that the person proposed was no other than the great maestro, who had conducted the feast of music on his first introduction to its delights, he could not but believe that he of all men must be the

one most intellectual, most profound, and most enwrapt in the mysteries and excellences of his profession.

On the part of Herr Sassenhogt no difficulty was raised which the money and eloquence of De Mara did not speedily overcome; and the arrangements were soon complete by which Albert became a daily attendant on the *studio* of this learned musician.

But though the Count had got some way into the secret of Albert's present state of mind, he had not entirely penetrated into its depths; and consequently, though his interpretation of the spirit that actuated the youth was accurate as far as it went, there was that behind which passed his comprehension, or rather lay too far below the surface to have attracted his notice.

He looked for the streak of ore that ran through Albert's soul, and, having found one, did not imagine that there might be another and still richer vein more deeply stationed in the mine.

It is when I approach this part of the history

of the orphans of Unwalden that I feel as if my ability would fail me, and that I must at last throw up the pen—hopeless of doing justice to the chain of wondrous elements that led to this most singular formation in Albert's brain. I have endeavoured to show how the power of music was mighty in him beyond the example of any other created being. I have endeavoured to show how it penetrated his very soul, and all its faculties became instinct with its presence. But I have now a heavier task—a more laborious undertaking to perform. I have to record in words what words never yet presented, as though a linguist should undertake to state a case of metaphysics in some barbarian language which never yet expressed aught beyond things of most common and natural occurrence. I have to tell of strange and unthought-of powers, first and last, invented in the orphan's mind, and producing results which must b called preternatural, because nature has never yet in other instances sanctioned a parallel case.

I do not for a moment hope to persuade the reader that that which must hereafter form the main ingredient of this story is true: I do not even pretend to say that it would have passed as such in the most credulous ages of mankind. I only know that the rude and almost illegible manuscript from which I give this free transcript breathes solemn asseverations of the fact; and that I, as a faithful translator of the spirit of the writing, am bound so far to be its guarantee.

The book has fallen on sceptical and uncompromising times, when asseverations have but little weight. I therefore add none of my own as to what my opinion may be. But I am at least under a vow to myself for honesty-sake, and to the writer of the faint and ill-deciphered lines over which I have so long been poring, for his exordium-sake,* to exert my best powers to

* "Thou who readest, or copiest, or even breathest a whisper of this strange tale of woeful truth, as thou valuest honesty or justice, let the same period assure thy listener, that in the conscience of him who writeth these facts are not more strange than true, and not more pitiful than real."—*Exordium to the Unwalden Manuscript.*

give reality to the strange and moving narrative of which I have constituted myself the godfather, by introducing it to the world.

Hic labor—hoc opus est! And it is undertaken: for though the chronicler of this story feels that he must fail in the finer features of the mysterious fabric which the untaught mind of the orphan planned and executed, he still hopes that he may retain the power to paint in feeble colours the effects produced by such a structure, even when the acting substance and machinery are lost for want of words to express, and images to delineate.

As to the profound "Maestro da Capella," Herr Sassenhogt, he never got half as far into the mystery of Albert's self-communication as the Count; and he speedily came to the opinion that his pupil would never make a figure, because he had little relish for the rules by which Sassenhogt would have guided his path through the gamut, and still less for the inspiring productions of that great composer.

But one or two fragments of the sort of conversation that took place between them will show

better, than may otherwise be explained, the way in which Herr Sassenhogt came to this conclusion with respect to the talents of his pupil.

* * * * *

"Now what think you of that passage, my young friend?" cried the maestro, triumphantly winding up a long flourish on his violin, with nearly as long a one with his bow in the air. "What think you of that?"

"I think," said Albert, "that it does not resemble the overture that I heard the first time I saw you."

"Why—ahem!" replied the other, "I do not think it does myself, but you will please to observe that they are very distinct kinds of music."

"That is exactly what I would have said," cried Albert, very innocently.

Sassenhogt looked at him for a minute, and could not find any irony lurking in his eye, and so went on. "The great difference between my music and that to which you have alluded is,

that the former is addressed to the head—the latter only to the heart. As to mere melody and harmony, they have been so hackneyed by past critics, that to expect to excel with these only for a guide, is as hopeless as for a cripple to undertake the climbing of Mont Blanc."

"But, surely," replied the pupil, "that which reaches the heart must be the real criterion of that which is addressed to the head."

"Ah, you are talking of the ancient composers. But, thank God, their day has gone by; and Handel and Corelli now are only mentioned by dowdies or grave old gentlemen, who tell at the same minute of the jointures they had to pay their mothers or aunts out of the family estate. Haydn, young gentleman,—the immortal Haydn had the sense to perceive that something more was wanting; and those who have since followed his steps have, perhaps, gone beyond him in this particular."

"I do not know of whom I am speaking; but if I were asked of what I am speaking, I should

say of something infinitely disconnected with that mechanical arrangement of notes and crotchets which produces sound, but no sympathy; a sort of jangling concord of unmeaning passages, without any of that spirit that seizes on the hearer, and rouses him to excitement, or dissolves him in tears. It is only when this is accomplished that I can say I have heard music; and the rest of what passes under that name is no more akin to it than the tagging of rhymes is to the essential and godlike genius of poetry."

Sassenhogt looked at the youthful enthusiast—said something about his never having heard such heterodox dogmas before—and then, unwilling to dispute further, took his leave for that day of the heretic, earnestly beseeching him to give better attention to the subject.

It may now be easily understood what little reciprocity of sentiment there was between these two. Albert had perceived this almost from the first moment of his intercourse with Sassenhogt; and had it been possible for any thing to check the extraordinary combination that was filling his

mind, the introduction of this man of mere science might have effected it; but it was too late to accomplish this. The stream of imagination was rife in Albert's soul; and each minute adding to the torrent, it was ready to hurry him headlong to that discovery that trembled over his brain in subtle and feverish suspense, and appeared each moment eager to involve his whole faculties in its irruption.

But though Albert perceived the inutility of his connexion with the "Maestro da Capella," the maestro himself was by no means reconciled to the loss of his pupil, which also involved the loss of De Mara's bounty; and therefore, notwithstanding the evident disinclination of the youth, he still continued to administer to him his lectures on what he called music, only endeavouring to take care not to touch on those moot points which afforded discontent to both of them. One other portion of a conversation which took place between them—and we will dismiss Sassenhoght from the scene.

* * * * *

"Then, according to your conception," said the Maestro, "music is capable of no system at all."

"I have proposed no such conclusion," said Albert; "nor could I hope to maintain it if I had. I do believe that music has an order of nature connected with it, as the solar system has, by which it is decreed to work within certain limits, and to be subject to equally certain laws. But I laugh at the man who shall say that the whole of those laws are discovered and analysed."

"You will not deny that the laws of the solar system are in that situation?"

"I will deny nothing, for I do not aspire to the subtle altitude of an arguer or a metaphysician: it is in the humble station of an enthusiast that I wish to rank myself, and as such to enjoy a theory of my own, competent to the wants of my imagination, and equal to the demand of my feelings."

"And to what does that theory amount?"

"I hardly can inform myself that," returned Albert; "and still less can I propound it to another."

"Possibly you can tell what your theory does *not* contain."

"That is an easier task. My present disposition of mind leads me to deny the all-sufficiency of those rules which the magnates of music would lay down to the world for the purpose of degrading that heaven-born gift into a science, instead of leaving it in its true elevation of one of the highest attributes of genius. De Mara tells a story of a man who boasted that he should soon be able to write an epic equal to the Æneid, for he had already ruled six quires of paper, and mended as many hundred pens, for the task. This seems to be the modern musician's standard; he works a tune methodically as a carpenter does a chest of drawers, and poor fancy is sent to pine in wildernesses."

"This is what we of the new school call

the mathematics of music," said Sassenhogt; "and surely you would not deny the perfectibility of mathematics."

"Not in itself; but what business has it in the sacred fairy land of music? No one denies that the key-stone of the arch is the perfection of the building, but will that justify the painter in dividing the neck of a steed of price by the rule of arches, and calling it the mathematics of the horse? On the contrary, every one sees in a moment that the two things are incompatible; and, when I am told of the mathematics of music, I see the same thing;—but I promised not to argue, so let me ask you a question instead. I have been reading the story of Tartini and his Devil's Sonata,* and would gladly know

* It is related of Tartini that he once dreamt that the devil visited him, and, after some conversation, took possession of his violin, and played a sonata; from the mere recollection of which, on his awaking, the musician nearly went distracted at the thought that, with all his art, he could never hope to rival sounds so exquisite and original.

how that is to be demonstrated by the mathematics of music."

"Mathematics," said the maestro, with some contempt in his tone, "were never yet thought applicable to flimsy dreams, and therefore I can hardly be called on to draw up a *rationale* for that which is essentially unreal."

"Why unreal? Do you suppose it impossible that some thin and airy spirit (for devil is an ugly name, and we will drop it) might have diffused a charmed influence over the sleeping brain, and worked it to an apprehension of that which, when waking, was lost?"

"Haydn defend me!" cried the astonished music-mathematician; "do you really imagine that spirits have any thing to do with music?"

"I only imagine that the genius of music, like the genius of poetry or painting, is a mystery; and that we have a right, when considering the subject, to debate on every possible way of solving the difficulty. In olden times one

man would believe that the unappeased ghost wandered on earth restless and unhappy; another, for his faith, held that unembodied spirits flitted in the midnight breeze."

"But, thank God," said Sassenhogt, "we are wiser now."

"We say we are," answered his pupil; "and why? because we can account for those things naturally which our forefathers could not, and were therefore obliged to have refuge in those other-world explanations. But let another series of mysteries arise, too difficult for even these wise times to simplify, and the first consequence will be that men will again be driven back to the supposition that things beyond this earth are the agents employed in their production. It is in this situation that *I* find music. Either I am more ignorant than the rest of mankind, or more enlightened: be it which it will, I feel something on my brain exceeding comprehension, and that drives me to the wildest speculations in hopes of finding a solution."

"It is there now," added the orphan, in a manner strongly expressive; "and I feel as if my faculty was too confined to contain the perpetual struggle for expansion that is going on within; strange unutterable sounds, fraught with divinest harmony, vibrate on my nerves, and they, in their turn, seem ever on the eve of answering still more strangely. Oh that this might be consummated! Oh that this delicious, dangerous chaos could be arranged, and order given to the sensitive mass that loads me to over-swaying."

Sassenhogt was paralysed at the vehemence of the youth, and he cared not again to touch on a subject that was either far above, or, as he imagined, below his comprehension. He therefore determined to leave Albert in future to his own course, merely continuing a show of instruction as long as De Mara chose to keep up the allowance that had bribed him to the undertaking; keeping to himself, by way of salvo for his conscience, the reflection that, if the youth

ran riot in his pursuit, it was no fault of his, or of his system, but the result of some strange infatuation that blinded his pupil to the valuable principles of the mathematics of music.

CHAPTER IV.

Leuc. Dance, Madam?
Bach. Yes, a cavotta.
Leuc. I cannot dance, Madam.

CUPID'S REVENGE.

O, fly! 'Tis dire suspicion's mien,
And meditating plagues unseen,
The sorceress hither bends;
Behold her torch in gall imbued,
Behold her garment drops with blood
Of lovers and of friends.

AKENSIDE.

DE MARA did not investigate very closely the terms on which Albert and his master went on. It was enough for him that he saw them occasionally together, and that at all times Albert appeared to be wrapt up in his new pursuits,

to come to the conclusion that Sassenhogt was answering the purposes for which he had applied to him, and that his intervention was aiding the separation of the youth from his sister.

But even had the Count been disposed to enquire more minutely into the nature of the instruction which the maestro was able to afford, the change of circumstances which took place in his connexion with Madeline would have operated to prevent it. For a while he waited in anxious hope that the result of all his labours and deep-set intentions would terminate in the fall of Madeline, according to his longing expectation. But though every thing that seemed to present a face of difficulty had been removed — though the maiden herself appeared to have given him all that devotedness of love which women best know how to feel, and how to tender, with a delicacy that makes love a bliss of unutterable sort, still there was an upright purity in her every movement, that

seemed to prevent the explosion of the mine that had been so artfully laid in her own bosom, and that defied the most wily attacks of him who held siege around her.

De Mara was confounded at his want of success. Women he had studied, and had thought himself prime master of all their methods; but there was that in Madeline's character which was beyond his ken; and, to his astonishment, he found, that though his machinations were sufficient to make him master of the city, the grand fortress—the capital of the whole—was impregnable, and resisted his utmost endeavours. There was nothing in the maiden's outward show that enabled him to trace the cause of this failure. She ever smiled at his presence,—she ever listened to his most honeyed words, as though they came soft and grateful to her spirits; and at no moment, whether gay or guarded, lively or demure, could he trace in her a suspicion of his intentions, or a sense of the besetting danger he had woven around her.

Why then was she still obdurate to his purpose? It was true that the light in which he had offered himself to the maiden was that of a husband, and the outward garb in which he cloaked his sinister approaches was that of an espousal before the face of Heaven. But how was it possible that this should have operated to his disadvantage? On the contrary, it ought rather to have led to greater freedom of intercourse, to a more perfect reliance on the honesty of his intentions, and to a more unreserved declaration on her part of the feelings, which it was sufficiently evident she entertained towards him. As far as he could penetrate, it had led to all these results; and yet still, with all these abettors in his favour, his success seemed more than doubtful, and the boundary of his triumph over the heart of the maiden seemed to be irrevocably established.

But although infinitely disappointed at being thus stopped short in his march, he was not dismayed; and with that hot eagerness of purpose

which distinguishes the ardent spirit, let its pursuit be good or evil, he resolved to let nothing baffle his design, and to make each defeat only the signal for another and more judicious onset. Madeline, however intricate her disposition, was still a woman; and as the Count's favourite motto was—that all women had some point of character less susceptible of defence than another, he still urged his genius of intrigue to fresh inventions, in the hope that at least the fortunate moment would arrive when he should find the citadel unguarded, and be able to take possession with all a conqueror's honours.

Hitherto it had not been any part of De Mara's disposition to distrust his own talents of intrigue; but the long time that he had been labouring in vain to obtain possession of Madeline had forced that distrust upon him; and he was now obliged to confess to himself that his future progress would be in the dark, groping about like Sinbad in the charnel cave, still hoping that some ray of light might break suddenly upon him, and re-illumine the torch of hope in his heart.

But that point of the maiden's character, for which he so anxiously sought, and which he hoped to gain by watching, came upon him by accident. Altoz, who had been long expecting the Count to accompany him on a tour through France, the arrangements for which had been planned before their becoming acquainted with Madeline, had deferred his journey from time to time in the hope of enjoying De Mara's company. At length, however, his patience was fairly exhausted; and the Count honestly confessing to him that he saw no prospect of the termination of his adventure with the Orphans of Unwalden, the Chevalier determined to wait for him no longer, but to set out alone on his journey. For a long time De Mara battled against this resolution; but, finding his friend obstinate, he was obliged to concede to the arrangement, and even agreed to accompany him his first stage on the journey.

"Come, Altoz," cried he, on his friend rising from the breakfast-table, where he had been taking his farewell meal, "if this is to be our last

tête-à-tête for some weeks, at least I will prolong it as long as my duty as a faithful lover to my mistress will permit. I have no appointment with Madeline till the afternoon, and I can therefore afford to ride *à cheval* the first stage with you."

This offer was gladly accepted on the part of the Chevalier, and merrily they gossipped as they rode side by side. But it was fated that De Mara should not see Geneva again quite so early as he had expected. On crossing the French frontier the party was stopped for the production of their passports; that of Altoz and his servant was declared to be due and regular, but Monsieur le Comte had none to produce. It was in vain that he protested he was a peer of the kingdom, and that his passported friend vouched for his nobility; the officer on duty, who was a young self-sufficient coxcomb, just appointed, and full of the all-importance of his office, insisted on detaining the *soi-disant* nobleman till his respectability could be better vouched for. De Mara tried the raging, the

sarcastic, and the persuasive strain, but they were all equally futile, and the only means of escape that presented itself was sending Altoz's attendant back to Geneva to bring proper vouchers for his release. In the mean time the day was wasting fast; and, to make the matter worse, the servant, with whose zeal no fault could be found, contrived to lose his road, so that it was not till noon the following day that he made his appearance at the French frontier with such documents as were sufficient to procure the Count's release from his temporary thraldom.

De Mara's annoyance at this unwelcome delay was excessive; and, in the heat of his passion, he felt half-tempted to call the young jackanapes, who had been the cause of all, to a severe account. Time, however, with him was every thing, and a minute's reflection enabled him to perceive that the undertaking of an affair of honour was not a very likely method of promoting his speedy return to

Geneva. He determined therefore to postpone this mode of venting his spleen to a more leisurely opportunity, and, taking a hasty leave of his friend, he galloped back at the height of his horse's pace to Geneva.

In the mean time Madeline had waited hour after hour, vainly expecting the Count each moment to make his appearance. In this way the whole of the afternoon and evening of appointment passed away. Nor was the next morning more productive of the looked-for visiter, who, on sending to his lodging, she was informed had quitted them on the preceding forenoon in company with Altoz. This information did not lessen the pique that had been gradually augmenting in her bosom at the prolongation of De Mara's delay. Several sarcastic observations that had fallen from Deboos, in the character of Madame Lalande, had imbued the maiden with no very favorable feeling towards the Chevalier; while he, on the other hand, annoyed at the way in which she had engrossed the whole

of his friend's company, and induced him to break his travelling engagements, felt no strong desire to overcome the prejudice that he perceived was growing up in her mind towards him. When, therefore, Madeline learned that De Mara's neglect of her was coupled with his attention to Altoz, she felt more annoyed than the bare circumstance of his absence could have produced in her mind, and she waited his re-appearance with proportionate resolution to stand on all the punctilios of an offended mistress.

At length the Count made his appearance. Not conscious that he had any neglect wherewith to reproach himself, he entered her apartment with that superlative sort of good humour which arises out of the re-action of previous vexation,—determined, as the story must tell against himself, to be the first to laugh at the adventure. But the first glance he caught of the countenance of Madeline somewhat damped the good humour that was illuminating his own face; and the thoughts that were a moment before flowing so

freely and blithely, seemed suddenly frozen and incapable of expression.

"Many thanks, Sir," cried Madeline, drily, "for the punctuality of your visit. I suppose you take me for the lady seated in Comus's magic chair—unable to move till you make your appearance to disenchant me."

"My dearest Madeline," exclaimed De Mara, "it is all a mistake. I would not for the world have broken my appointment, had not ——"

"Had not the company of the Chevalier Altoz been so very fascinating," interrupted Madeline; "I am obliged to Count De Mara for making me acquainted with the degrees that mark the thermometer of his regards."

"Now, Madeline, pray do not be so very sure that you are right; but consent to suppose, for a moment, that there may be two views of a subject."

"There is no necessity for your showing two views, Sir," cried the girl, "unless you wish to be taken for Janus, though it is not the fashion in these degenerate times to pay much respect to that double-faced piece of antiquity."

"But at least allow me to explain—"

"Why should I? Truly I have no right to demand explanation."

"You have every right. Do you think when I acknowledge you for my sovereign mistress, that I mean nothing by it; or, that my declaring myself your servant in all that man can do, means nothing?"

"Really," cried Madeline, "you should not trouble yourself to ask such questions, when your conduct for the last four-and-twenty hours presents such an all-sufficient answer to them. When I become sovereign mistress—how small the kingdom I care not—at least my name shall be supreme; and he who declares himself my servant, I shall hold as none from the moment I find he is content to have two rulers. But come," added she, seeing the Count look grave, "we will say no more about this matter. As much as I have said, I felt I was bound to give utterance to in justice to us both; for the rest, any excuse will be admissible."

But when De Mara explained to her the difficulty under which he had been labouring, Madeline was too generous not to retract all she had said.

"Forgive me, dear De Mara," cried she, "that I may forgive myself; or, if I must offer an apology for what I have said, receive it in the reflection—that warmth of feeling for neglect includes warmth of feeling for attentions, and that had you not taught me the sweets of the latter, you never would have experienced the bitter of the former."

De Mara pressed the maiden to his arms, and, kissing away the tears that hung like drops of precious gum from some heart-healing tree, swore that he would not have had a word less said of blame, so sweetly had the pain it had inflicted been soothed by the soft balmy declaration that had succeeded.

It was from this incident and its consequences that De Mara gathered a light which he determined should aid him in his future course. He

investigated the traits of disposition Madeline had displayed in this short conversation, and he thought he plainly perceived that, to attack her on the side of her vanity, was to insure success ; and that, by properly playing her wounded self-complacency against itself, he should make himself more entirely master and comptroller of her heart than by any other means that could be adopted. Again and again he repeated to himself every word that had passed between them, and more and more plainly he perceived that his solution of the temper of mind that had dictated her words was the correct one. At the same time it was evident that her native goodness of disposition had soon led her to correct the fault into which she had fallen, and to retrieve, to the utmost of her power, the error she had committed. But the Count had long been an adept in feeding the failings of the sex, and he had little doubt that, with proper attention and opportunities, he should be able to fan this smouldering, and almost inert feeling of the mind, into a furious and

overpowering flame. At all events the experiment was worth trying, and De Mara set himself about the task with all the *goût* of a young and hot-blooded cadet, joined to the experience and finesse of a grey-headed campaigner.

As for Madeline, she appeared all anxiety to remove by the suavity of her demeanour any disagreeable impressions her petulance might have raised in the mind of De Mara, who thought she had never appeared half so delightfully amiable as now that her manner was tinged with a slight embarrassment at the consciousness of having accused him unjustly; and who longed for another occasion to raise the same troublous emotions in her bosom, even though they should produce no effect more to his purpose, than the same exquisite perplexity of manner, and the same pretty desire of wiping away the wrong that she had committed.

The engagement that De Mara had been forced to break with his mistress was one that had been planned for the purpose of taking a

drive a few miles into the country; and when there, having their usual ramble on foot, by which means Madeline was to be afforded an opportunity of seeing the rural beauties of the neighbourhood, without the fatigue of walking till they should commence. For such an object as this, one day was as well suited as another; and, at the request of De Mara, it was arranged that the next day should be devoted to that purpose. The morning arrived, as beautiful as the most ardent admirer of Nature in her simple attire could desire; and Albert having declined, according to custom, joining them, Madeline and the Count proceeded in an open carriage along the plain where the Saleve and Mole so suddenly and so picturesquely raise their enormous heads towards the skies in a multitude of fantastic forms, baffling the most fanciful imagination to picture out all their strange and uncouth similitudes to things of heaven and earth. No sooner were the travellers fairly embosomed in the fruitful and flower-decked scenes, that this

lovely and luxuriant plain so bountifully affords in every direction, than they quitted the vehicle that had conveyed them thither, and wandered arm in arm where best the fancy pleased. The Count, who could love nature or any thing else, when occasion demanded, dwelt with soft and suiting words on the charms that surrounded them, —at one time comparing them with the still more sunny-lovelinesses of southern Italy, and at another with the bleak and ruder aspects of the north, with which his far extended European travelling had made him acquainted ; while Madeline with a greedy and devouring ear listened to the pleasing variety with which he decked his discourse.

But on a sudden their conversation was unseasonably checked.

They had just arrived at the skirts of a little copse, that with its leafy and sun-forbidding enclosure graced the side of a rivulet, when some remark of De Mara was interrupted by the shriek of a female ; and the moment after, a young maid-

en rushed with a perturbed and rapid step from one of the winding paths of the plantation, near which they had made a sudden halt, in silent wonder what such a cry of distress might mean, and whence it came, to destroy the peaceful tranquillity of the scene. The moment the stranger perceived that there were two persons near her, she flew towards them; and then, as if intirely exhausted by the effort, she sank on the ground at their feet without a word. The mystery of her appearance, however, was in part explained to De Mara, when he observed a man break through the copse at nearly the same point whence the female had issued, with sufficient speed in his motions to denote that pursuit was his object. When the ruffian, for such his appearance stamped him, saw that his victim had found such unexpected protection, he halted for a moment, as if deliberating within himself whether he might venture to attack her even while under escort; and then, prudence seeming to get the better of the spirit of rapine that had actuated

him, he hastily retreated to the shelter from which he had so rapidly emerged a minute before.

In the mean time, Madeline, unconscious of the presence of this suspicious intruder, was busily employed in endeavouring to restore the suspended animation of the fair stranger. After a while she succeeded; but her return to consciousness was accompanied by the most violent trembling of her whole frame, as if she had only awakened from her trance to remember with full acuteness some painful occurrence that had been thrust upon her. The assurances of her two new protectors, however, by degrees re-composed her, and she seemed gradually to throw off that delirium of terror which had taken possession of her timid and susceptible imagination. Her explanation of the incident was short, but sufficient: from her statement it appeared, that—a native of Geneva—she was spending a few days with her aunt who resided in the neighbourhood of the scene where this transaction was taking place, and had been tempted by the fineness

of the day to wander through the copse, with a book as her only companion: while intent upon her study, a man rudely clad, but chiefly enveloped in a large and threadbare cloak, well marked with travel-stains, stood before her and demanded her money and trinkets. His threatening attitude, the sternness of his address, and the gloomy lowering eye he fixed upon her as he spoke—all forbade a minute's hesitation, and she gave him what little silver she had—trinkets she had none.

"Ho, ho!" cried the robber, "then I must have trinkets' worth; I know a good soul that is fond of buying dresses of such a pretty pattern as that you wear; so pray imagine this a lady's boudoir—Eve did with a worse—and I will be lady's-maid to help you doff it."

The girl, alarmed at his manner as well as his command, sprung from him, and with loud cries of terror, he fast pressing at her heels, flew towards the skirts of the copse, with scarcely any formed hope in her mind save that of an indefinite chance of escape. The rest of her simple tale is already narrated.

Of course she was not again left alone till conducted in safety to the house of her relation; who, when informed of the obligation she had incurred to Madeline and the Count, would on no terms allow their departure till the approach of evening warned them that it was time to return to the city. Mademoiselle Basault, their new acquaintance, and as it were protegée, seemed never tired of reiterating her thanks to both for the protection they had so opportunely afforded her; and her fine eyes and richly mantling cheeks seemed every minute ready to offer the tribute of a tear and a blush of gratitude, as she recorded again and again the manner in which she had been so happily delivered from her peril.

But this was an opportunity not to be slighted by the Count. At any time the handsome face and feminine manners of the youthful thanksgiver would have gained his admiration; but now, when the progress of his plot against Madeline demanded such an opportunity, and was only waiting for a fit object on which to invest it,

he gave a full license and flow to that gallantry for which a well-educated Frenchman seems to have received the world's patent and letter of marque. But, however attentive he was to Mademoiselle Basault,—and he rejoiced that the peculiar circumstances of his introduction to her authorised his displaying a warmth of manner which on any other occasion would have been too *prononcé* to be within the bounds of politeness,—he took care to have always sufficient regard to Madeline, to be able to note the effect that his address to the other had upon her.

Poor Madeline ! it was a severe ordeal that she had to undergo, but she acquitted herself well ; ever and anon a growing jealousy at his marked observance of Mademoiselle Basault would conjure strange thoughts into her heart ; but the firmness of her mind gave them battle, and each time that the outset was made, her decision put them to the rout. Her good sense even enabled her to argue the subject with herself. Was it not natural that the stranger should feel grateful

to a man, who, though his presence had only been used, would no doubt have faced her enemy, had there have been occasion, and who, at all events, whether actively or passively, had effected her deliverance from a most dangerous situation? On the other hand, could De Mara do less than acknowledge with grace, and even almost tenderness, those grateful outpourings of the heart which were offered him in the pure spirit of earnest thankfulness? Perhaps his manner was a little more ardent than the occasion demanded, but then the line was a difficult one to be drawn; and not meaning, for how could she suppose he meant to distress her, he was probably erring on the right side, in meeting the fervour of the stranger's thanks by a more than equal fervour on his own. And still further, whether right or wrong, it would be quarrel-seeking in such a case to reprehend or find fault with his behaviour to one day's acquaintance, when probably they might neither of them ever again see the other in the whole course of their lives.

This is an outline of the self-appeasing reflections that Madeline inculcated to her somewhat uneasy fancy,—and they had their effect. The Count watched her closely: he saw her quail, he saw her re-assured, and with vexation was obliged to confess to himself, that with all his skill he had not been able to lay any visible or certain corner-stone for that fabric dedicate to jealousy, that he purposed raising in her mind: and still more was he confirmed in this, when on their return home Madeline not only spoke with pleasure of the occurrences of the day, but dwelt with reasonable praise on the beauty of Mademoiselle Basault; at the same time rallying De Mara on the speed with which he had endeavoured to establish himself in the young lady's good opinion.

Still he had seen her quail; and, though it was but for a moment, it justified a hope that a repetition of similar attacks might produce a more permanent effect. The passions may be acted on, as a continual dropping of water will produce

the decomposition of the stoutest marble; and De Mara, though he could not yet flatter himself that he had actually succeeded in laying a foundation, was not slow to believe that he had sown a small and almost imperceptible seed, that with proper watering and culture would by and bye yield the fruit for which he looked. In this hope his mind was still active to be employed in the same pursuit, and he stood ever on the watch to find some other Mademoiselle Basault with whom his opportunities might be greater and proportionably successful.

It was with this view that, two days after this adventure, he persuaded Madeline to accompany him to a grand ball that was to be given in Geneva by one of the chief magistrates, in honour of his only daughter having come of age. It was not much persuasion that Madeline required, for she had a heart of gaiety ever open to the sprightly movements of the dance, and she had often thought, with an innocent sigh, of the gay dancing of the villagers of Unwalden, when on

high-day and holiday they mustered at the well-known spot dedicated from time immemorial to the prosecution of such festive scenes, and gave their whole hearts to the mirth-inspiring spirit of the hour. This proposal of De Mara, therefore, was doubly welcome: always happy to be with him who had fascinated her soul by his eloquence and attentions, and the combined elegance of his person and manners, she felt that the zest of that companionship would be heightened by a scene that would revive in her memory the many happy hours she had spent in a like amusement around the nurture-spot of her childhood. It would be a sort of identification of her present situation with past happiness—an authorizing of her present pursuits by the example and countenance of those which had been allowed and looked kindly on by her mother.

It was with such sensations as these, that Madeline accompanied the Count to the rooms where the ball was to be given; and the scene that presented itself to her notice on her arrival

there, was in every respect calculated to heighten those sensations. The suite of apartments into which they were ushered blazed with a thousand lights, which reflecting mirrors, suspended in golden framework from the walls, gave back with double interest where the mirrors were not; —gay and festive drapery swept in rich festoons along the sides, glistening with fresh and pinky tinge, like some bevy of young maidens first let upon the world's bright passages, when their cheeks borrow a quick supply of the heart's most honest blood to blush their pleasure and surprise. Music too was there, as light, as fresh, and as brilliant as the mere substantial shows of the night, lending its aid to make the magic "firm and good." The blithe and airy measure of the dance knocked at the heart's door, and found a willing entrance, but no resting-place; for the ruling fairy of the scene was one of those restless spirits that know neither cessation nor pause, when such fancy-stirring business is afloat. But the grand consummation of the whole was the

living charm of the place. Hundreds of beautiful faces, whether instinct with feminine grace or openness, were beaming with the gladsome turmoil of the scene: it was a representation of the fabled palace of truth; for the impress of each heart seemed stamped on the countenance, and the motto on all hands, lighted up by bright eyes and laughing cheeks, was "joy—joy—joy!" it was a human illumination—a soul-fed bonfire of rejoicing; and Madeline, as she gazed around, thought she had never before seen so exquisite a picture of what philosophy in its researches after man's happiness ought to paint.

But though the cup that was here offered to the maiden's taste was all so brilliant, "dropping odours, dropping wine,"—there was destined to be a scruple of poison intermixed, the infusion of which was to turn sweet to bitter—joy to sorrow—bright thoughts to heavy sighs. And who was the fell disturber that broke all the humanities at once? Who was he that in the unguarded moment of honest and pure delight hovered

around to stab all happiness with grievous and mortal wound? Look in the handsome face of Count de Mara! observe his gay but unaffected air of elegance; mark his well-formed features, tutored (but so cunningly as to seem nature-taught) to a bland and heart-winning smile; listen to his words that fall with sunny softness on the pleased and willing ear of his mistress! Listen, mark, observe,—and then say whether it be possible to believe that such a man can indeed be a second Richard who knows how to

> "Smile and smile, and murder while he smiles."

The first Richard had a body to answer the deformity of his mind, for no one expects to find genuine warmth in an unroofed dwelling; and it was a something towards a wicked apology that he was able to exclaim—

> "Then since the heavens have shaped my body thus,
> Let hell make crookt my mind to answer it."

But how was this, the second and the worst—

so goodly in form, so shaped a creature, that it seemed as if nature had had some Endymion fancy for his father, and cast her godson in a favourite mould? Oh, it is a cruel trial for humanity when the brightest form is found encasing the most distorted soul!

Scarcely had Madeline taken survey of the gay scene that surrounded her, and impregnated her fancy with a flow of happiness that was to last the evening, when a young lady ran up to her, and, shaking her most cordially by the hand, expressed a thousand gratulations at again meeting her. A moment's glance told the orphan that it was Mademoiselle Basault who was greeting her; and though a tinge of some indefinite feeling came across her at the discovery, it did not prevent the receiving her with a proper expression of pleasure at the rencontre. But De Mara soon relieved his mistress from any necessity of supporting the conversation: overjoyed at again meeting the instrument through whose agency he had commenced a series of attacks, he saw in

a moment how much more advantageous to his purpose it would be, to pursue the same system with one who had already been implicated, and through whom the first blow had been given, than to wait for another more distant, and perhaps less suitable object. His whole powers of conversation were therefore summoned to his aid ; and never had he exerted himself so brilliantly—and so banefully.

But his manner of marking this new addition to their party became still more determined. It had happened naturally enough, from his well knowing that Madeline could have no acquaintances at the ball but such as he might introduce, that he had not undergone the formality of asking her hand for the dance ; the conclusion on both sides being that, as they went there as companions and plighted partners in the dance of life, they would be such at this—the first ball to which he had ever attended Madeline. In the course of conversation, however, that took place between the trio, it was cursorily mentioned that

Mademoiselle Basault was not yet provided with a partner. It was a bold stroke on the part of De Mara, but not the less a full consequent of the policy on which he had determined to act; and he at once solicited the honour of her hand. The young lady curtsied her thanks, and the music for the dance at that moment striking up, away they tripped with a simple "au revoir" from the Count to his mistress.

It was a strange bewildering emotion that came over the feelings of Madeline at that moment; a sort of dreamy sensation, as she repeated again and again to herself, "is it possible?" And what a situation to be left in! Indignation prompted her to quit the room on the instant, but such an act was next to impossible: alone, unfriended, deserted if she rose to go, she knew not which way to proceed, nor what step to take. In vain she looked round the room for a face with which she might have the most distant acquaintance,—she could not even imagine such a one; and ever as she took the circuit, her gaze in spite

of herself terminated at the bitter spectacle of De Mara and her rival, sweeping through the airy mazes of the step with a lightness that to her feverish fancy seemed assumed to mock her woe. Once as she so gazed, the Count whispered in the ear of his partner : the girl blushed, tittered, directed her look towards Madeline, and then tittered again. Good God ! was it possible that the faithless deserter was commenting on her distress, and making his new-found mistress merry with the situation in which he had placed her ? Was it not enough that she was to be abandoned for another, without dragging her misfortunes to the feet of her rival for their meed of derision, as the Romans of old dragged the miserable vanquished in triumph at the chariot-wheels of their victorious generals ?

But why such thoughts ? Jealousy, the curser of all happiness, the mocker of all pleasures, was rife within her heart. Each moment gave it more absolute possession of her feelings ; and the more her soul writhed at the torture, the more

was it implicated in the meshes of the fatal net that had been spread to entrap her. Warm-hearted, enthusiastic girl! her own feelings were destroying her; and those that should be subjects, were fast mounting into the character of tyrants.

But they return. And must she sit still to brook the taunts that seem to her disturbed imagination to play in sardonic smile on their lips? They speak. Oh that she might dare speak; but the spell of silence once dissolved, the lips once opened, she feels that not all the powers of heaven, or earth, or hell, could prevent her giving vent to the raging flames that had possession of her heart.

Is there no relief from this torture? Whither speed, that its fire-brands may be overthrown and extinct? Nature has its bounds, human power its limits, and her heart-strings may crack in spite of her firmest resolution to withstand all and every indignity that may be offered.

The Angels be praised!—Mademoiselle Basault

is summoned to another part of the room by her Aunt. The actual application of the torture is suspended, and the brain has now only to bear up against the heavy infliction that it has already undergone.

De Mara traces something of what is passing within the mind of Madeline; and even he, in the moment of his triumph, quakes lest he may have prosecuted success too far. His instinctive readiness acquaints him that the first step to be taken is to remove his victim from the scene of her misery, and from the presence of Mademoiselle Basault. A carriage is hastily summoned,—Madeline handed in,—and, in company with her persecutor, a few minutes suffice to conduct her to her lodgings.

The attempt that De Mara would have made to follow her into her apartment was checked by her at length breaking silence. "Farewell, Count!" cried she, with a firmness of manner that surprised him,—"Farewell, for we are destined to meet no more!"

But it was De Mara's game to treat all that had happened with that air of levity which fairly belongs to a thing of course, and in no way unusual. And he replied accordingly—" My dear Madeline, what strange caprice is this? I thought we had understood each other too well for such freaks as these to arise on either side."

" Freaks! Oh, merciful Heaven! is that the name by which the tyrant would designate his cruelty! But let it pass; I was born to be the doomed companion of misery, and the lot of the wretch is to suffer."

" For shame, for shame, dearest!" replied the Count; " you were born to be my heart's sovereign. But something has ruffled you: when you have slept upon it, you will perceive that it is some misapprehension that has been exercising its power over you, and your present angry feelings will have passed away.

" The anger, Count, may have passed away, but I never can forget that he who should have been every thing to me has offered a volunteer in-

sult to one who should on all accounts have been the receiver of his most cherished attentions."

"I protest," cried De Mara, "I hardly know to what you are referring. And how I have offered insult to my dearest Madeline must remain unknown to all who are not in the secret of the chimeras of her own brain."

"O man! man!—would you add insult to what is already beyond my powers of endurance? But leave me, for Heaven is my witness I never desire your presence again; and Mademoiselle Basault," added the girl bitterly, "will be angry when she misses you from her side."

"Mademoiselle Basault! how absurd! can Madeline for a moment suppose that the most fickle of mankind—to be sure the girl has a rich and spirit-stirring eye, and her soft lip seems in perpetual agitation as though a thousand Cupids were making them their place of rendezvous."

"Sir, I beg that it may be understood that these are my apartments, and that I would be alone. At least I have the right to command your absence,

though it appears that any other power I might have foolishly supposed I possessed over you is nugatory and futile."

"Ah, Madeline, why such pains to make yourself believe what your heart each moment contradicts?—in spite of yourself, you are not able even for a moment to doubt your empire over me; and though I may have devoted to-morrow to the service of the *jolie demoiselle*, you feel too thoroughly to need any assurance from me, that my every moment and every movement are completely at your command."

"I am glad," replied his mistress, "that Count de Mara is able to blind his own conscience so well; but go, Sir, go to your new-found favourite—render her your service of to-morrow, and let each succeeding day be another to-morrow for her. I resign the empty claim I once thought I had, and only pray that she may not have reason, as I have, to curse the day that first introduced her to De Mara."

"Oh, the ways of women," answered De

Mara ; " he who shall say that he is wise, and has tracked them through all their varieties, shall be set down in my calendar for the chief of fools, and wear the cap for ever beyond all hope of redemption. I thought I knew the heart of one woman at least, but it was as though I would have counted the grains as they run through an hour-glass, and I now rise from the deception only to know that I know nothing."

" Nothing indeed do you know, if you can for a moment imagine that it is in human nature to have relied with the fondest confidence, and at last awake to the sense of that confidence having been given to something more fickle than the winds. Such is my unhappy lot,—lot most miserable, that has betrayed me to myself, and sacrificed my happiness at the shrine of my self-esteem. But, never, oh, never, shall such a casket be re-opened :—I shut it from this moment against the world, and though the heart that it contains may moulder and become as dust, at least its last great pang of agony has been endured, and will have taught it

how to suffer that which yet remains to complete its trial."

"But, dearest Madeline, at least let the subject be fairly brought to an issue."

"I have heard too much of it already," replied the maiden; "rather let it be buried deep as the bosom can entomb it. Remember, Count, it was I that gave you my heart: it is you that have thrown it away; for the dedication of even a moment's service to another: in the manner you proffered yours this evening to Mademoiselle Basault is the unfailing signal of the gift being despised. Let us part:—I pray it—I command it; and never again shall so worthless a thing be tendered to your thoughts."

"Well, well," cried the Count, "I will not argue the subject further now, for I see that you are peremptory against me. To-morrow—or the next day at farthest—I trust your candour will afford me an opportunity of showing you that every thing of which you complain ought to be set down to the account of mere badinage, and that

Mademoiselle Basault, however bright her eyes or soft her cheeks, has not made me the disloyal knight you would imagine."—And then, as if fearing that his further stay might urge his incensed mistress to pronounce a positive refusal to his request of being allowed to see her again, he bowed a hasty adieu, and quitted her for the night.

CHAPTER V.

Déjà des larmes !—Voilà toujours ce qui suit ce maudit sentiment qui plaît tant aux femmes !

PAUL DE KOCK.

MADELINE by these events found herself again involved in all the wretchedness that attends the war of the passions, when set against each other in the battle-field of the human soul. She loved De Mara—how deeply and entirely she had never known till then that the question of separation was presented to her mind: she loved him —she hated him too—strange but natural product of the conflict of feeling that was going

on within! When she thought of the charms of his person and of the still more winning charms of his conversation and manners, the tenderness of her soul would overflow in tears, till they were dried up by the withering parching thought that he had turned traitor, and that those, his charms, had been the fatal instruments of the despair she felt at that act of abandonment. Then it was that the ardour of her sensations was roused to its highest: she burned with indignant anger and hatred, and that desperate feeling which makes the present every thing, and shuts out the future from the faintest particle of hope. To think that she had confessed the pure affections of her virgin heart to one who had worn them as a bauble, and got tired of the trinket ;—to remember she had doated—alas, still doated on a man who was the creature of a new face, and who forgot those heaven-registered vows that had won her to confession on the flitting of a fresh beauty before his greedy and inconstant view ;—it was madness —more than madness to be possessed of such

thoughts, and the whole faculties sank impotent beneath them. She had given tears to the first sensations that had come over her, but for these she had nothing but the silent horror of despair.

But can hope no where creep in? The wretch that is being drawn on the hurdle towards the place of execution, strains his ear to the last for the faint cry of reprieve from the travel-stained horseman, and, in listening for that which is not, will not see the ignominious preparations for death that stare him in the face;—the death-marked patient swallows the Doctor's pills—profoundly concocted of learning and uselessness—hopes, takes, expects, swallows, and dies, with the precious balsam safe lodged within his diaphragm;—the storm-beaten sailor hears the groaning planks of his vessel splinter and give way as each billow drives her further on the reef where all has struck save hope, and yet still fancies he can see by the lightning's mysterious flash a craggy corner of the rock, which, gained, were safety come again. Can hope, then, no where creep in for poor Madeline?

Did he not say that he would return?—Did he not talk of her candour? of appealing to it? Oh that it were possible she might have misjudged the scene that was played before her aching senses! Was it possible? Might it be possible? —The thought perhaps gave the slightest whispering of comfort to her heart: but,—no, if it did, it was a fallacy, and she would not confess it to herself.

At all events it never should be in De Mara's power to reproach her with want of candour. She would see the traitor once again, though heart, soul, and sense were stung to agony for it. Yes, once again, though his defence could be nought.

There was something in the determination of permitting another interview that appeased her feelings. It gave no pleasure:—pleasure was to be hers no more—but it softened pain, and her heart was relieved by mere comparison, as he who suffers the long night through with horrid cramps, and on their surcease finds the agony reduced to

one universal ache, feels a strange and unusual satisfaction at the compromise.

The next day, therefore, she was full of expectation for the arrival of De Mara. She pictured to herself the various positions he would assume; she framed for him speeches—soothing, excusing, palliating, beseeching; and the effort yielded a precious balm to her wounded spirit. Guilty he had been; but as she coined apologies for him, and clothed them in the magic of his syren tongue, the devil that racked her gasped for his empire, and there was still a wayward vision of possible excuse for him fitfully coming across her.

But the day crept on.—Oh, how slow the hours! each minute, like the seaman's leaden plummet, sank into the depths of her heart, and showed the fulness of the waters of affliction. De Mara came not. Yet surely he would come:—even though it were true he had engaged himself to Mademoiselle Basault, he would find a little hour for his poor Madeline, and have mercy on the misery of her condition.

So passed the whole of that day—De Mara, ever expected, never coming; and Madeline, silent and still as the heavy shadow of a sepulchre, listening for the anticipated sound—listening only to be disappointed.

The next morning promised better things. His faith was bound to that day; his word was upon it, and though it might be his intention to break those vows that Heaven had witnessed and Madeline had received, he never would be so forgetful of the world's punctilios as to give promise of a mere fact, and do away with its performance. Let him but come with tender soothings on his lips and the wonted look of love that had become part of her very existence, and she would forget all. A single glance should convey the whole of her reproaches; and if he could not trace enough to vex his heart by gazing on the stamp of wretchedness that was established on her anxious visage, her lips should never be forced to the task of pourtraying that delirium of torture which had been her portion since that fatal night.

The same fixed statue that she was yesterday, she appeared again to-day. Without motion she sat, and her whole soul did nothing but listen, till the well-known step should be heard that gave her pledge of his approach.

At length she hears a voice below. That voice she imagines she could have recognised amid the outcry of a Babel myriad.—The step too—it is the same light buoyant tread she had often listened to with rapture, but which now comes over her with a heart-sickening, as if the stake that was about to be played was too much for her energies.

De Mara enters—but not alone! For a moment there is a dizzy something before her eyes that prevents her recognition of his companion. He speaks, and her ear and eye at the same moment make her acquainted with the intruder.

"It is our dear Mademoiselle Basault," said he; "I would take no denial; but insisted on her coming to make your better acquaintance."

It was indeed she. But what could her pre-

sence mean? was it not enough that this intruder had been forced by the Count's behaviour into the chamber of her soul, but must she also be made privy to the solitude of her agony?

De Mara himself, full of resolution as he was to go through with the scene, quailed before the sudden change of aspect in Madeline. On his entry he found her countenance tutored by a meek and candid breathing of the soul, as if willing to hear aught that should extenuate the cruel course he had pursued. But the introduction of Mademoiselle Basault had lighted the torch of war through her whole frame, and fearfully did it blaze a thousand beacons from her flashing eye.

The tempest scarcely threatened ere it burst.

"Is this well!" cried Madeline, and as she spoke, her voice proclaimed a fellow-feeling with the spirit that was rife in every trait of her countenance—"Is this well!—or is it not soul-less and most pitiful to crush the victim, and then bring your agent to feast upon her struggles.

Henceforth you will do well to forget that you are a man; for the rest of mankind, when this tale is known, will register you with those prowlers of the desert that steal through the mists of night to dart upon their helpless prey."

"Heavens, Madeline!" cried De Mara, "you do not understand—"

Madeline interrupted him—"Too well I understand! Oh that those gifts of Heaven which enable me to do so—were extinct within me, that I might lie down, and know not what thought or recollection was. Is this the battle you wage with a poor unprotected girl? or will not mere war satisfy you, that you must thus creep in ambush upon the innocent, and, taking advantage of her simple faith, make her fall before your ruthless ally?"

"Believe me, dear Madam," cried the astonished Mademoiselle Basault, "I am no party to this;—I do not even understand what it means."

Madeline looked in her face, and her tone al-

tered. " I do believe you," at length said she, in a solemn voice; " and I pity you the more. Beware in time of his voice of poisoning music—dread his blandishments, more treacherous than the snake's dread rattle, with which he fascinates his victim. You have known him but a short time, and may throw off his unholy charms ; I have been the betrayed of a season, and am fast locked to my mistake."

" Believe me, Madeline," cried De Mara, offering to take her hand—

" Do not touch me," said she, and she spoke with a wild vehemence of gesture; " you have touched my soul, and it is withered ;—would you also unnerve my corporeal frame ? I confided in you, and you have betrayed me. My heart believed in your love, and was proud to love in return. Alas, its pride is humbled ;—its spirit is entombed in the den of despair !"—and then, as if unable longer to endure the feeling that was upon her, she rushed from the apartment, and sought the sanctity of her own chamber.

De Mara, whatever might have been his expectations from the progress of his plot, had anticipated no such result as this. His object had been to awaken alarm in the bosom of his mistress—but he feared he had far overstepped that boundary, and hurried her into the fierceness of hatred and despair: and as he winded his solitary way, after having seen the innocent instrument of his stratagem to her carriage, he was fain to confess to himself, that he had not yet arrived to the extent of his knowledge of women, for there was something in the character of Madeline that was still beyond his interpretation, and that even threatened to baffle all his skill, and render the most wily outlayings of his genius of intrigue nugatory and of no avail.

The place soon became as dreary a solitude as the Orphan could wish. De Mara and Mademoiselle Basault departed. Albert was straying in some unfrequented place full of his own strange thoughts, and with still more strange discoveries, hitherto unknown in the world of physical or moral

science, ready to rush in upon him;—and Madeline wandered about her apartments uninterrupted by aught save the bitterness of her spirit, which rendered her heart a sort of moral blasted heath where nothing green or refreshing could prosper.

The more she dwelt upon De Mara's conduct, the more it resolved itself into his having determined to desert her for the new impression which Mademoiselle Basault's charms had made upon him. But even then the introduction of his new-made mistress that morning was inexplicable, unless, indeed, she had entirely mistaken his character for amenity, and he had at bottom a reckless brutality that led him to be unsparing and unceasing in the pain he inflicted. Yet it must be so, for there was no other solution to the riddle that had marred her happiness. And why should she not have mistaken his character in one point as well as another? Two days ago, the visit of an archangel would not have persuaded her that De Mara was a traitor to the

truth of love: he alone was able to do that, and most bitterly had he accomplished it. Why then was she to give him credit for the other excellences with which she had heretofore thought him endowed? Urbanity and gentleness were surely more easily assumed than the mere heart-connected devotions of affection; in the latter he had proved himself a delinquent, and she now cared but little whether his whole conduct was one universal cheat.

Such was her reasoning; or rather, such was the rational portion of her thoughts, weeded from the tumultuous assemblage of the fast-gathering phantasmata that pressed upon her brain and hurried her to the verge of madness. Creatures like this orphan, the chief of whose actions are dictated by the spirit of impulse, are prone to hate or to love, and the sudden check of the latter sensation is often productive of a fearful reaction in favour of the former. The fit was upon Madeline; and it seemed as if the only way to save her heart from bursting was to precipitate its

emotions into the whirlpool that that reaction had produced. It is in the nature of no woman tamely to endure a slighted love ; but when that slight is leashed to a carking insult in its mode of conveyance, the arrow rankles with tenfold pang in her bosom. Madeline felt all this in its extremity. What could this forcing her to meet her rival face to face be but insult the most premeditated ? It was a silent but most undisguised way of announcing that all pledges were broken, all bonds were burst asunder; and it was summoning into her presence the most hateful of all witnesses to testify their fragility.

When hatred supersedes love, the step to revenge is easy; and Madeline admitted this last feeling with much more facility than she had strung her heart to hate. It is a sort of self-immolating exertion to teach the mind to turn the soft and milder tenderings of our nature into those stern and bitter feelings that lie beneath, ready to be aroused at the bidding of our baser share of Adam's portion; but the Devil once

aroused, he strides on with rapid pace, and at a far more easy price than the first outwork cost, takes possession of all that remains. His flag is up,—his beacon is a-blaze—and the whole heart crouches to his sovereignty.

Thus it was with Madeline. It was not her bad nature that had brought her to this; but it was her tempter that had stirred up the more secret recesses of her soul, where so much of that human portion of mischief that fell to her share had hitherto lain dormant. The particle, born of sin, winced at the keen spur of the passion that was on her, and, shaking itself from the heavy sleep in which from her birth it had been buried, it addressed itself with fearful eagerness to the labour that was bidden.

But what was she?—a poor weak orphan, unknowing and unknown! What her adversary?—a man subtle in acts, powerful in fortune, and one who was full of the world's wisdom and its finesses! Afflictions and dangers beset her; but that which could not be controlled urged her

forward, and she was obedient to the call. Schemeless, and without chart, she looked around to see who might be her stead. None but poor Albert presented,—and she shuddered at the thought of implicating him in the heart's quarrel that commanded her. A youth so gentle—of nature so kindly, and habits so winning of all men's affections—it was impossible. But still the cry of revenge was up in her soul; and ever as she dismissed the thought of summoning her brother to her councils, the influence under which she laboured brought him back again to her recollection as the only agent she could obtain. Her love for De Mara had been of that enthusiastic and single nature, that the benefits she might reap by her marriage with a man so favoured in worldly fortune had been no part of her contemplation: the only shape in which it had crept in, was, that it would enable her to promote Albert's welfare, and that he would cease to be an outcast entirely dependent on the aid that the absent, and apparently forgetful, Seaton

might afford. This, with the rest of her pictures of bliss, had disappeared; and in her gloomy lucubrations she began to persuade herself, that as Albert would have partaken of her happiness, it was within justice that he should form part of her ruin. What the end of all was to be, she knew not. Death perhaps; and at the thought a faint smile of heaviness stole into her countenance. Why then should she wish to leave Albert behind to battle with the world that seemed to bless the bad, and thunder anathemas against the innocent? Yes, hand in hand they had passed through life. There could be no pang in their continuing so to the death.

When the sophistry of her diseased mind had brought her to this, it seemed as if her impatience to concert measures with Albert could not brook an instant's delay. She wanted execution not only to wait on conception, but be co-instant with it. Of late she had not particularly noted her brother's habits or mode of passing his time. The perfection of his aural sense had rendered

him capable of performing his own behests; and a general understanding that he was in all things gratifying his own inclinations, had satisfied her sisterly care. But now that she had enlisted him as the right-hand of her movement against De Mara, every action of his became of importance to her, every step he took vital; and she awaited his return home with all that feverish anxiety which attends upon the mind when fixed upon one single unalterable intent, and balked as yet of its accomplishment.

It was nearly midnight before Albert arrived at his lodgings. Madeline, who had long expected him, guessed that the solitary step that rung through the deserted street was his, and she hurried to the door to hail his approach. There was a strange contrast between the orphans at the moment of their meeting. Albert's open countenance, flushed by the night-breeze, shone cheerily and brisk, while expectation, lighted by the soul's pure fire, stood mantling in his eye.—How different were Madeline's features! There

a never-ceasing range of tormenting passions had been flitting to and fro for two whole days; her cheek glared with a hectic colour, and spoke of pain's dominion, sleep's absence, and despair's triumph;—her brow (of old so fine, so marble-like, so dazzling) was cast into wrinkles, in each of which sat ghastly phantoms blabbing the struggle that was rife within;—her eye, sanguinary and blood-shot, had something in its character unearthly and appalling; it was as though those who should have gazed upon it would have suffered some fatal penalty, like the audacious of antiquity who dared to face the frantic Medusan head.

During the whole of those two days, Albert had not seen his sister,—not from any want of affection—but his whole faculty had been deep in the mystic idea that had taken possession of his brain; and strange and indescribable sensations had told him that the hour was at hand for that discovery which for nearly a month had been vibrating in his soul, and during which period he

had been like Macbeth, grasping at something which to the world was air-born and unembodied, but to his own sense most real and existent. With this one idea the vessel of his mind had been filled ; a single drop, and it would overflow.

As he gained the door, he raised his eye and caught the first glimpse of the strange expression that dwelt paramount in Madeline's countenance. What it was he saw there, it is not in man's power to describe : Albert could not himself have defined it. But whatever it might be, it supplied the link that was wanting. The drop was added —the cup overflowed,—and the vast incomprehensibility for which his soul had yearned—for which his intellect had striven—was made clear to his senses ; the mysterious attribute was his.

He clenched his forehead with his feverish palm as though staggering under the prodigious magnitude of the burden. Again and again he pressed his burning brow, and felt that it was safe locked within the fortresses of his brain. But with

another glance of that strange unutterable impress that dwelt in Madeline's face, he would not trust himself. "Farewell! Farewell!" he cried, and in a moment was lost to her view through the heavy shadows of the night.

CHAPTER VI.

Herm. Hate him! my injured honour bids me hate him!
The ungrateful man to whom I fondly gave
My virgin heart; the man I loved so dearly,—
The man I doted on! Oh, my Cleone,
How is it possible I should not hate him!
Cleo. Then give him over, Madam.
DISTRESSED MOTHER.

MADELINE, the prey of every gloom-inspiring feeling, passed the night amid a whirl of resolutions, that rather took the shape of the wild chimeras of a passion-driven brain than the rational conclusions of a consecutive mind. What the sudden departure of Albert—no sooner come than gone—might mean, she knew not; but it almost seemed as if that strange one glance

he had thrown upon her distracted countenance, had informed him of the desperate design she had formed of mixing him in the catastrophe that was pending, and in good time he had fled to save himself from so dreadful an inveiglement.

With the morning he returned. Madeline, still at her painful vigils, heard his foot upon the stairs, and, as he entered the chamber, expected to see his visage marked with that which should tell her he had come to resist her design to the uttermost, and to battle against her intention to the last. But there was no such lineament in the whole of his face serene. Smiles, mingled with something above human mien, were stationed there in easy enthronement; his eye "with a fine phrenzy rolling" spoke of satisfied enjoyment, and entire possession of the spirit that lent it its wondrous lustre; and his whole manner was that of one who had received some blessing beyond value, and was willing to make one universal jubilee, that all hearts might be gladsome as his own.

"I do not know," cried he, as he met her earnest gaze, "what I am to say to you in extenuation of the strange manner in which I behaved last night: let my sister believe that the impulse that was on me was irresistible; though even that hardly forms an excuse to my own heart for having slighted my dearest Madeline so uncouthly."

The maiden listened to the words that fell from her brother, and when he paused, still remained as though she would have heard further: they were the first words of consolation that had crossed her since the fatal night of the ball, and it seemed as if their influence was pouring a grateful comfort into her harassed bosom. The action of the youth was suitable to the tenor of his speech: he threw his arms round her neck, and embraced her with tenderness.

"Nay," said she, with a slight shudder, "you should not kiss me. *He* was wont to kiss me; and as he pressed my blushing cheek to his, it was then that I felt my heart going from me. It

was by those kisses he betrayed me. You will not betray me, my Albert! But do not kiss me, or I shall fancy I see treason in the act"—and as she spoke, the big tears, pure as the mountain stream, supplied from the snow-thawed reservoirs on high, made watercourses of her cheeks:—the snow of her heart melted before the sun of Albert's tenderness, and the over-pent stream found outlet at her eyes.

"What means my sister?" exclaimed Albert, shocked at the sight before him. "Who is he of whom you speak?—Is it—can it be—"

"Oh, do not give utterance to that name!—Vain fool that I was, I thought but a while ago that I had strung my soul to iron hatred and despair, and I vowed a vow to my heart that it never again should be called on for a tear. Alas, he has taught me how to break vows, or like himself, my heart is traitor too, and gives the tribute I would have forbidden."

"Madeline, dear Madeline," cried the youth, "speak all, I pray you—all, for my nature is in

a wild and indefinable ferment beyond my own control. I have been feasting my soul with food beyond its strength, and it is reeling beneath the burden. Feel thou here, my sister," and he placed her hand upon his forehead, which burned as though indeed some fever-furnace raged within —"feel thou here, and learn that time will allow no hesitation. Speak all, I say, lest the strung soul snap and all intellect give way."

Madeline was taken for a moment from her own circle of sorrows by the overbearing influence of her brother's words and actions. It was as though the spirit, instinct in his bosom, struck a kindred chord in hers, and the two were vibrating in unison.

"I have told the whole already," cried the girl in a hurried accent; "De Mara is a traitor, and Madeline a wretch!"

"Wretch—Wretch!" echoed Albert; "why that word? you would not say that he has —" the word seemed to sink to his soul rather than come for utterance to his lips, as he whispered— "triumphed?"

"He has triumphed here," said Madeline, and she placed her hand to her heart; "but though he has taught it to love untowardly, I thank my God it was not his to make it beat impurely."

"My sister, my own dear sister, pardon—pardon—that for a moment I dared harbour so unholy a surmise."

Madeline wept on: that which might elsewhere have roused the over-ardent tenor of her disposition, came from Albert so gently, and was excused so self-condemningly, that she could not do other than answer him with tears.

"Cheerily, cheerily," he continued, "*my* heart is bounding again with lightsome spirit.—Feel my brow once more; the unnatural, maddening heat, that seemed to consume the whole to ashes, is away, and a refreshing coolness has possession of its place. Through life we have been as one—let it be so still."

There was something in these words that jarred on Madeline's soul: they brought back the headlong resolution she had formed, and again it reigned paramount over all other.

"Albert," cried she, "you have said that which I dared not utter. The wounded spirit of a slighted woman calls for revenge. Shall we, indeed, be one in that? It is this single feeling that predominates in my heart, and I would link my spirit with yours to compass the sweet intoxicating measure. Give me your hand."

"In pledge of what?" demanded he.

"In pledge of a union of revenge," replied the other vehemently;—"in pledge that life nor death,—world's wit nor world's torture—man's strength nor devil's art, shall withhold us from that one object. Let our bond be De Mara's fall, and the rest to your own shape and fancy."

"Madeline," cried Albert solemnly, "it cannot be! I should hold my life cheap to give your heart content. But it is not you who are calling for this act of sin; it is a wily demon that has crept in, and when his fell purpose is worked to a completion, he would leave you to the horrors of remorse, that would make you hateful to yourself, and me a blight-bearing curse to your sight."

"Revenge!" muttered Madeline, "revenge!"

"Leave De Mara to high Heaven. His appointed time will come," said the brother.

"You desert me then?"

"Never, while a living soul shall animate this body. It is at this moment I am best proving my adherence. Were I a coward to my post, I should give way to the horrid phantom that has momentary empire over you—not withstand its march, like the trusty sentinel of my own sister's dearest hopes. Could you read the whole book of my mind at this instant, how eminently clear would this be to you! Its first and chiefest page is graven with strange characters, that pourtray matters the world of man has not yet so much as imagined."

"Albert!" cried his bewildered sister.

"Yes," replied he, "I speak in all the sincerity of honest faith. I have that within that passeth the wisdom of philosophy, or the hope of the most speculative enthusiast. The film of obscurity has been removed from my senses, and

I walk erect in the plenitude of a discovery which—"

He paused. Madeline, once more drawn from her own feelings by the mysterious emphasis of his manner, listened with breathless spirit to his words.

"Why do you pause?" whispered she.

"The season is not yet come. Nor should thus much have been said but that I would convince you of the earnestness of my affection for you. Is not such a mystery as this, at which I have hinted, enough to take a man's whole soul into bondage without even sparing the iota of a thought for aught else? Half an hour ago I could have sworn it. But the cry of my sister in distress was heard amid the wilderness of my ideas, and I gave up the heaven of my own imagination that I might comfort her. Be wise, be wise, my Madeline; cast from you the desperate delusion that passion has hung up before the eyes of your mind, and let the heart of your brother be a pillow on which your

wounded spirit may lie and receive the balm of assuagement."

Madeline listened to his words, and drooped her head in silence. It was too much to hope that the stormy turmoil of her soul could be allayed by the soothing of even such a brother; but her heart, in spite of herself, confessed that it was the most genuine affection that taught his tongue to speak; and though she refused to forego what was still the fixed purpose of her heart, she could not do other than bow before the suavity of his advice, and even let in some small particle of admission that it was possible that his dictates were those of rectitude and sobriety, and, as such, had a right to be listened to.

While her mind was in this sort of bewilderment, a letter was brought to her. A single glance at the superscription was sufficient to inform her who was the writer. It was from De Mara; and though her spirit was on fire to be acquainted with the contents, there was a lingering in her movements that showed as if

some latent and indefinable sensation held her back. There appeared a nervous dread upon her, lest the contents should trench too much either one way or the other. She feared lest they might, on the one hand, drag her back to those desperate remedies her diseased imagination had so lately entertained, but the force of which was somewhat obliterated by the affectionate remonstrances of her brother; or that they should, on the other, awaken in her heart those tender recollections which she had vainly hoped to extinguish, and the flame of which, though subdued, was still sufficiently potent to be ready each instant to break forth afresh in spite of the hate that had accumulated in her bosom. Nor was this all. Not only did she fear either of these alternatives, but the fever of her mind had been so great, and had endured so many hours, that she felt a sort of gloomy satisfaction at the doubtful stillness into which it had been thrown through Albert's resistance, and she wished for nothing more than to be allowed to continue in

that apathy of spirit which was a kind of paradise when compared to the racking turmoil that had previously existed. She was in that sort of condition to which the winter-facing traveller is exposed, who, overtaken by the bleak and nipping influence of the north, sinks gradually into a state of insensibility, and whose first sensation, on being roused from his dangerous torpidity, is that of sorrow at being disturbed.

The letter was still trembling in her hand, when at length, as if glad of having found a step intermediate, she hurriedly exclaimed, "Do you read it, my Albert."

The youth was not much in love with the task he was called upon to perform, for he feared that the contents, whatever they might be, could only serve to disturb the promising tranquillity of his sister; still he knew not how to excuse himself, and he therefore took the paper that was tendered to him, and, having opened it, read as follows:—

"My best Madeline—Twenty times have I

begun this letter, and twenty times have I thrown aside the pen, despairing of any adequate power to express the grief my heart entertains at having been the innocent cause of such a scene as that which took place yesterday. I will not attempt a word of defence, only insisting on this—that on the faith of a gentleman, the motive you would have imputed to me is utterly unfounded. That there was a motive, cannot be denied ; but I feel, that after what has taken place, it would be grievous to both to enter upon a point that these events have proved may be so easily misunderstood.

" Let then the past be forgotten ; and if a contrite heart, joined with the most fervent assurance that you have indeed mistaken me, may claim so much,—let it also be forgiven.

" A word—a look—a token from you will summon me to your side, where to prove the sincerity of his devotion will ever be the grateful labour of

" Your now unhappy

" De Mara."

Madeline listened to these words with strange and overpowering emotion. Her young bosom heaved high with palpitation, her varying cheek bespoke the still more rapid change of thoughts that were passing within, and her eye streamed a thousand different expressions as she caught her breath to hear each syllable more acutely and intensely. When the youth had finished, with quick and trembling hand she snatched the paper from him, and her eye ran anxiously over it—no sooner ending, than once again beginning, as though each time of perusal was to present some new change of expression.

"'That there was a motive, cannot be denied;' what may that mean?" cried she; but her voice showed that though there was still a tinge of suspicion in her heart, it was fast relapsing into the former affection of her nature.

"It means nothing," cried Albert; "at least you ought to think so, if you have faith in his assurances."

"Ask not such a question, for it will harrow

me to the inmost corner of my heart. In whom am I to have faith? I thought in my despair that all the world was leagued in treachery against me: but the letter has fair promises in it, and yet I would not again be fooled to my own destruction."

"Then give up your extremes for once, my sister," replied Albert with a smile. "Let your love and your hate be tutored to sobriety, instead of running riot in the unhallowed excess of furious passions."

Madeline looked grave, but she said nothing. At another time such words would have roused her to indignation; but the weight of her own grief was bearing down the fire of her spirit, and the mystery of Albert's previous words still rang in her ears, and excited in her mind a sensation towards him that almost amounted to awe.

The brother continued: "De Mara was too easily received as a lover to make him feel the full estimate of the favour. Not that I would say all men should be kept in check, but there is

a boldness in the character of this nobleman—I might almost say, an audacity—that requires repression rather than encouragement. He has, however, found a place in your heart; and, whatever may be my own feeling towards him, it never shall be act of mine to wean you from him. But I may at least advise that, as the opportunity now serves, it should be embraced, to throw an embarrassment over those steps that are to lead to a reconciliation, by which means your own consistency will be better preserved, and his pretensions receive a salutary warning."

And with these words Albert left his sister to her own meditations. They were of a much more cheering tenor than those to which she had been prisoner for the last two or three days. The heart that has loved, even when repudiated, has still a lurking after the former object of its affections, and ever acknowledges a yearning to possess its pristine happiness. De Mara's former glories gradually brightened in effect on

Madeline's mind, but the parting words of her brother had not been without their effect too, and she resolved to tutor her disposition to a more chary display of the sentiments that lurked within.

It was while indulging in such reflections as these that another letter was brought to her. It was from Mademoiselle Basault, and she read it thus :—

"My dear Madam,

"The painful scene of yesterday irresistibly impels me to address you on the subject, though I hardly know whether I shall be assisting your happiness by it. But at all events I cannot stand acquitted in my own conscience, unless I afford you such explanation as it is in my power to offer. In the first place, I beg to assure you most sincerely that the Count De Mara has no pretensions to claim any portion of my heart. It is a painful thing for a young female to speak of these things, but I know not how other-

wise than by so open a declaration to meet the charge that you insinuated. You will probably be convinced of its truth, when I state (confidentially) that I am actually under promise of marriage to a young gentleman of this city, and only wait till he shall have been fortunate enough to obtain the consent of my parents for our union to take place.

"With respect to the behaviour of Count De Mara, I do not pretend to judge of it. But it may assist you in forming your opinion on that head, to be made acquainted that it was under pretence (not absolutely so spoken but insinuated) of an invitation from you, that he persuaded me to pay that visit which raised such groundless apprehensions in your breast. Of course, I now easily perceive that this was the offspring of some deep finesse on his part; but how could I guess it on its original suggestion? What the object of that finesse may be, it is impossible for me to pronounce. The only thing that presents itself as a clue to my mind, is a word that he dropped

after your hasty departure from the room, which seemed to imply that he had looked for jealousy, not for such deep-seated anger.

"I beg you to receive my most earnest assurances, that I would not for worlds have undertaken any thing unpleasant to your feelings, much less of a nature to give rise to such bitter emotions, as those which I unfortunately witnessed yesterday. I shall ever feel myself under the most sincere obligations to you for the kind relief you afforded me in my time of necessity, and hold myself in the bond of gratitude as long as memory endures.

"Allow me to add, that never to a living creature will I breathe one syllable of the painful interview that took place yesterday. Believe me, dear Madam,

"Your most faithful friend and servant,

"ADELINE BASAULT."

Here was food enough to supply Madeline with a world of new thoughts, and it was long that

she pondered on the subject. But whatever direction her conjectures took, they still returned to the clue that was suggested by the letter of Mademoiselle Basault. When in the heat of her anger, and the excitement of her disappointment, she had first surveyed De Mara's conduct, she could find no solution to the riddle but that of his dereliction of faith, and her own desertion in favour of a more fortunate rival. This mode of accounting for the events that had happened was now happily set aside, and not all her woman's wit could furnish her with a more just or a more probable motive for what had taken place, than that which was insinuated by her fair correspondent—rival, now no longer.

In obedience to this feeling, the course she inclined to adopt again changed its aspect, and she found in her present view of the matter an additional incentive to act according to the wish of her brother, by holding the Count at bay till she had taken full revenge upon him for the means he had pursued to try her affections. But

with these sentiments in her mind, she once more found herself in the same difficulty that had presented itself when her thoughts were of a more gloomy cast, and she was looking round to see who should abet her in enabling her to satiate the cravings of her anger and despair. In that instance, she had, by a compulsion of the mind, brought herself to the resolution that Albert should be that agent; but, in the present position of the affair, his aid could be of no avail. There was nothing in the presence of her brother calculated to alarm the jealous fears of the Count, and it could only be by making that nobleman believe that his place in her heart was likely to be supplied, that she could expect to afford him a proportionate castigation for the pain he had so gratuitously inflicted upon her.

Indeed, she hardly knew, even if she succeeded in this counterplot to her fullest content, whether it would be sufficient to appease the laceration that had been so wantonly dealt out to her by De Mara; and the recollection of what

she had suffered was only got over so easily by the secret whispering of her hope that, though the infliction had visited her most grievously, its intention had been grounded on a real, but mistaken spirit of affection, that had become alarmed at some needless and insufficient cause; on which account her lover, in spite of his ill-judged machinations, was entitled to some sort of pity at her hands.

Where then was this new agent to be found? Whom could she so cunningly engraft upon her scheme, so that neither of the parties that were to be played off against one another might suspect the reality of her intentions? It was in vain that she ransacked her brain—it was in vain that she taxed her ingenuity—she could fix upon no one that seemed calculated to meet her object, and over whom she possessed sufficient influence to keep him in play at her bidding. It happened, however, with Madeline, as it has happened with some of the greatest geniuses to whom the world has been indebted for some

of the chief discoveries it now enjoys. Where their own wit has failed them, chance has stood their friend in its stead. Archimedes knew not how to satisfy the Sicilian tyrant's question on his crown of gold, till the chance of a bath instructed him; and in like manner our own great Newton made one of his most important discoveries through the chance of an apple:— the mystery of the telescope takes its origin from the chance of a game of children, and that of the power of steam from the chance of an old woman's carelessness. So Madeline's success in obtaining such an agent, as the one for whom she had in vain searched every cranny of her brain, arose from an accident of Albert. A few words will suffice to relate it. After the youth had quitted his sister, he went forth into the beautiful scenery that surrounds Geneva, partly for the purpose of indulging his own chain of day-dreams, which composed his chief delight, and partly that he might not have another interview with her till she had had time to retrieve the calmness of her

mind, and to take its counsel as to her future proceeding. Without hardly knowing which way he wandered, chance led him to take the road to Unwalden. But he was there unconsciously:—deeply buried in his own thoughts, he looked neither to the right nor the left; and however much he might have attracted the attention of any passengers, they got neither observation nor comment from him in return.

But on a sudden he was roused from his reflections; "Albert! Albert Schvolen! can it be, indeed?" cried some one near at hand.

He looked up, and perceived at his elbow a man on horseback, with whose face he was familiar: a moment's reflection told him it was Wahrend, his old friend of Unwalden. A speedy and affectionate greeting took place on both sides, and the horseman seemed never tired of asking particulars about Madeline, and congratulating her brother on the perfection of his sense of hearing.

Wahrend's repeated inquiries about Madeline

recalled to Albert's mind the state in which he had left her, and caused him to ask himself the question how far it might be advisable to take their old friend home to her. As to the exact nature of the intimacy that had existed between them at Unwalden, he was not very well aware. His deafness at that period had always prevented his knowing any thing about it, further than that they had seemed fond of being together in their walks and pursuits ; and though he had seen enough of their farewell interview to know that Madeline had given the Swiss an angry dismissal, much of that had been attributed by Albert to the peculiar state of mind in which his sister was at that moment owing to the departure of Seaton, and not to any withdrawal of her friendship towards her companion. It was not often since that time that Wahrend's name had been mentioned ; but whenever such an incident had occurred, Madeline had spoken of him with a kind feeling, and a sort of regret, as if she had parted from him somewhat too

harshly; and Albert even remembered that on one occasion De Mara had rallied his mistress on the expression she had made use of when dwelling on that regret. There was nothing, therefore, in any part of his reminiscences that was of a nature to induce Albert to believe that Wahrend would be an unwelcome guest to the maiden; and when he remembered the gloom and uneasiness of mind in which he had left her, he could not help thinking it might be possible that the presence of the new comer might serve to distract his sister's attention from the melancholy feelings that were pressing upon her, by leading her back to former scenes of happiness and juvenile recollections.

It was upon these considerations that he answered another—perhaps the fiftieth, inquiry of Wahrend concerning the welfare of Madeline, by proposing that he should make that inquiry of her in person.

"Nothing would give me greater delight," cried the Swiss eagerly; "if you dare give me

encouragement to hope that I shall be a welcome visiter. You cannot altogether forget the way in which we parted. For myself, the recollection will be a drop of bitterness throughout my existence."

"Then the best way to get rid of it," replied Albert with a good-natured smile, "is by affording her an opportunity of recanting what she said. Rely upon it, what passed was under the irritation of the moment, and that a sincere welcome now awaits you."

"Do you indeed think so?" said Wahrend, and his eyes glistened with the bare supposition. "I would give worlds, were they mine, once more to receive one word from her in token of friendship. Yes, only one last word—that I might be able to cling to that with pleasure, instead of, as now, having nothing but what is painful to recall."

The young man did not need much more of Albert's persuasion to induce him to accompany him home; and it would be difficult to tell

which of the two experienced most sensations of delight on the road—Albert, at the thought that he was bringing one to his sister who would allay her grief, and divert its intensity — or Wahrend, who a thousand times had been tempted to seek Madeline, whose memory was indelibly imprinted on his heart, and who had as often been held back by the recollection of her parting moments, and the fears of still more irretrievably experiencing her displeasure.

They found Madeline in happy mood. Again and again had she been deliberating with herself which way she should turn to obtain that agent, which was so necessary for the prosecution of her scheme, and the last ray of hope had begun to sink in her bosom as they entered; so that her reception of Wahrend—in whom she instantly recognised the very instrument for whom she had so earnestly prayed—was more than either he or Albert had dared to expect; and the Swiss, to whom her silver tones of welcome poured out a music more delicious than his own native airs

could afford to his patriotic bosom, was ready to worship the very ground on which she trod.

Albert himself was surprised at the warmth of her manner, and did not very well know how to interpret it. The countenance of his sister, however, was once again lighted up with smiles, and he was therefore easily satisfied with the result of his little project, without caring to dive very deeply into the cause. She had been miserable; she was now happy;—and content with that change, he again abandoned himself with redoubled fervour to his own mysterious sources of delight, which were fast locked within his own bosom, and from which nothing in the whole world, but the deep and palpable distress of a most dear sister, could have drawn him.

It was not long before Madeline found an opportunity of making Wahrend useful in her scheme against De Mara. That very evening, tempted by the serenity of the atmosphere, she proposed to her quondam and now revived associate a walk to the Plain Palais; by which means

(even if she should not meet with the Count) it might, at least, reach his ears that a new *cavalière servente* had made his appearance in her train.

But her success was every thing that she could wish, for they had not been on the Plain Palais above a few minutes, ere her quick and anxious eye perceived the Count, promenading one of the public walks. This observation only made her more marked in her attention to the conversation of Wahrend; so that when De Mara was made aware that his mistress was present, he had also presented to his contemplation the peculiar inclination of her head, with which she pointed and gave effect to each remark the delighted Swiss offered to her notice. De Mara, whose first impulse was to advance to her side, hesitated for a minute, to consider whether the present was a favourable moment to offer those conciliatory apologies which his late defalcation so peremptorily required at his hands. Who the stranger that was with her could be, was beyond his

ingenuity to conjecture; but, whoever he might be, De Mara could not help feeling not a little annoyance at the idea of making him a witness of those self-condemnatory explanations, by which alone he could hope to appease his mistress's offended feelings. But while this doubt had possession of his mind, Madeline settled the matter for him by meeting his eye, as it anxiously took survey of the situation in which it found her, and honouring him with a bow of good-humoured recognition. From such an acknowledgment on the part of the lady there was no retreating, and he therefore made his way to the spot where she was sitting, preparing his tongue in the short minute the interval allowed with such silver eloquence, as he thought best calculated to win him a gracious pardon for his fault.

But it was no part of Madeline's plan to treat his last offence with severity—and still less did she wish that any thing should pass in the presence of Wahrend that might alarm his newly revived sentiments of love, by leading him to

conclude that De Mara's actions were of sufficient consequence to her to awaken either her anger or her joy; when, therefore, the Count began a deprecating speech, she stopped him in a moment—

"Believe me," cried she, "the only way you can take to make the matter so serious as your face would describe it to be, is to say any thing more about it. I can assure you, the whole is forgotten by me, and only to be revived when you shall so will it;" and with these words she extended her hand to him in token of the sincerity of her meaning; but, at the same time, that she might not give him too much occasion to rejoice at the tenor of her speech, she returned to her conversation with Wahrend, and begged him to tell her what was thought at Unwalden of her not having made her re-appearance at the Single Cottage.

"What can they think?" returned he to whom the inquiry was addressed—"what can they think, but that the house which was for-

merly known as the pride of the place, is now the object of their sorrow. I passed it yesterday —all its gaiety and smiling front seemed to be gone, and even the beautiful clematis that was wont to climb the cottage side with a luxuriance that seemed to know and enjoy its privilege, now looks neglected and overspread with weeds.

"Ah, my poor clematis!" cried Madeline, with a sigh; "the time was when I should have resented it as an affront, had any one told me that my favourite shrub should suffer from my want of notice; but a day may come when all my old darlings will again be dear to me, and the sweet scenes of Unwalden again furnish peace to my heart."

"Happy will be the day when that shall come to pass," exclaimed the Swiss enthusiastically— "happy, thrice happy, those who shall have to welcome Madeline back to the scenes of her childhood."

De Mara had not yet interfered in the conver-

sation, because he was willing to inform himself, if he could, from the nature of their observations, in what light he was to view this new comer, who seemed to be interposed between him and his mistress at a most critical period. The little he had already heard was by no means to his satisfaction; and he therefore determined to interpose as soon as he fairly could, and mix himself with what had been hitherto a *tête-à-tête* between the party he had joined.

The honest earnestness with which Wahrend had made his last exclamation had carried Madeline's mind still further back into those delightful thoughts that always attend the memory of the scenes of a happy childhood; and she exclaimed with nearly equal warmth to his own—"And happy as the day, and those by whom surrounded, shall I be when that time arrives. My whole heart is flooded with tender recollections, and even here I foretaste the joys that await me there."

"And can no place but Unwalden yield all these pleasures?" cried De Mara. "I should have thought that the world had more green spots than one, and that such a mind as Madeline's could have found happiness wherever smiles find her, and all hearts bow before her. Happy fate is hers, who, go where she will, forms her own circle of delights!"

"But may not some particular spot," demanded Wahrend, somewhat hesitatingly, as if not knowing how to follow up so florid an attempt—"may not some particular spot have its peculiar claims, even where such queenship exists, and add to the other virtues that attend her?"

"I would not have it so at least," cried the Count. "It is in my mind little less than treason to imagine that any outward circumstances whatever could heighten the inward heaven that Madeline is able to assume. It is of herself, and from herself, that the whole source of happiness is derived; and to pro-

pose either addition or subtraction is to suppose that that source is not yet perfect and complete."

"Oh, Count," exclaimed Madeline, "you are determined that I should proclaim you the prince of flatterers to all that hear you. What is my old companion—I may almost call him playmate, from Unwalden, to think of such flowers? or shall I bid him take a lesson and learn to emulate Count de Mara's flights and fictions?"

"I have no envy for the task," said Wahrend, "for our Swiss manners are somewhat too plain to follow such a track."

"I have heard as much before," exclaimed De Mara, drily.

"But, after all, it is the heart that forms the real criterion," returned Wahrend; "and in this it is like the human form:—trick it out ever so finely, the core and substance must still remain the same."

"Upon my word," cried Madeline with a smile, "I believe I must direct the lesson to go

the other way: I have not heard Count De Mara so schooled in so few words before."

De Mara would have spoken, but she interrupted him.

"Nay, not yet," added she, "for your tutor has not wound up his instructions. We are all attention, Wahrend."

The Count bit his lips, as he exclaimed, "O, pray do not trouble the young gentleman to extend his doctrine any further. I am afraid he will find me but a tardy scholar in *his* school of ethics."

"For shame!" replied the maiden; "we shall have rank rebellion next. Besides, I know Wahrend too well not to have full respect for his powers of eloquence.—I have felt them myself," added she, with a half-bashful look, "and therefore cannot suppose that so excellent a man of the world as Count De Mara is less on the *qui vive* than myself."

The Count's tone was somewhat bitterly inflated, as he answered:—"It may happen that

the very eloquence that has suited you so well, may be found unpalatable to my less delicate apprehension."

"But surely," cried Madeline, "on my recommendation you will be willing to become apprentice to the wisdom of my *protegé*."

"It were hardly possible, Madam, even on that footing; though it may be that we shall be able to hold an interview in some other way."

"Now, this from a man that bridled with pleasure four minutes ago, when I called him the prince of flatterers! Pray, Count, where were you brought up, for your education must have been sadly neglected? Positively you should buy a tub, and set up as the modern Diogenes, for never again can you pretend to the *preux chevalier-ship* that I was so mistaken as to suppose was your right."

"I must always be content to assume any character that you may be pleased to bestow upon me," said the Count, who, though not exactly understanding the scene that was going

on, found that it was necessary to stand on his guard.—"What shall I call myself in future?—For it may be as well for me to know, as it seems my opinion is to be the same as yours, and I may by accident be asked the question when you are not at hand to answer for me."

"Why—why—as to that—I must take a night to think of it;—so, come, Wahrend; I summon you to my councils, and we will give his Lordship the rendezvous to-morrow."

She was curtseying her farewell, when De Mara exclaimed in his most winning tone, "Perhaps it will assist your judgment if you allow me to accompany you?"

The accent made the maiden hesitate for a moment, and then she quickly answered: "No, no, not this evening. There is just daylight enough to choose a silk, and Wahrend has promised to join me in a committee of taste for its selection: so the committee and the council can be held at the same time, and to-morrow you shall be made acquainted with the judgment of the court."

And with these words she put her arm within that of Wahrend, and tripped away from the Plain Palais, leaving De Mara to the companionship of his own cogitations.

CHAPTER VII.

Mi getto a nuoto, e una man ne viene
Rompendo l'argua, e te l'altra sostiene.
TASSO.

AT the close of the last Chapter we left De Mara standing alone in the Plain Palais, gazing after his mistress, who tripped gaily across it under the escort of her new attendant:—as they moved along he watched each step they took, as if he were scanning their very walk, in the hope he might gain some intelligence from it; and when at length they were fairly beyond his sight, he himself slowly passed on, deeply reflecting on the scene that had been acted.

What could it mean? This was the question

that he asked himself over and over again a thousand times, and his busy fancy suggested nearly as many answers;—nor did the true one escape him; but the difficulty he had, was to fix on any one in particular, while his mind presented him with so many means of solving the same question. At last, after full deliberation, he reduced his multitude of answers to two, and he determined that future and most close observation of what took place between Madeline and her new-found *chaperon* should conduct him to the more correct one. Either Wahrend had gained, while the maiden was an inhabitant of Unwalden, great influence over her mind—so great as to be able to assert his power on again renewing the acquaintance at Geneva; or else Madeline, as a punishment for the scene that took place in the ball-room, had adopted this course of revenging herself. The second solution was far more satisfactory to his self-complacency than the first; for, if correct, it was rather indicative than not, though not in a way he cared to have had it

displayed—of the strength of her affection for him. But the chief objection to the entire adoption of this argument was the ease and good humour with which she had received him after what had passed. If this exhibition of Wahrend in the light of a lover was but a fiction, was it natural that she should immediately throw aside all the anger that beyond doubt she had felt most bitterly in consequence of that scene; and would she not rather have joined to her smiles for the Swiss, frowns for him?

This consideration had sufficient weight with De Mara to make him regard his situation in no very agreeable light; and he perceived that if this was indeed the correct solution of the orphan's present behaviour, his only chance was to frighten Wahrend from his post by assuming a peremptory attitude, and thus furnish himself with the undisputed opportunity to re-establish himself in Madeline's fair favour. But his self-love still vigorously clung to the thought that the whole might be the result of a finesse on her

part, and that her heart was still his own. At all events he had already blundered sufficiently in his estimate of the character of his mistress, and it was therefore imperatively necessary that whatever future step he might resolve to take, the utmost care should be adopted in working it to a crisis.

It was before he had been able to give any satisfactory arrangement to his intentions that he was stopped by Maravelli.

"Can it really be you, Count?—far gone indeed must you be in the romance of love to be pacing the walks of Plain Palais with nought but the moon for a witness."

"Plain Palais!" exclaimed the Count, and as he looked round him, he perceived that he was indeed still there, though, till that moment, so deeply had he been wrapt in his own thoughts, that he had been unconscious that for more than three hours he had been turning and returning on the very same spot of ground where he had received so provoking a leave-taking from his mistress.

"Plain Palais!" re-echoed Maravelli: "why, surely by this time you must know the public walk of Geneva when you see it;—or were you really so deep in the fairy land of Cupid and the Graces, that you imagined you were encircling your lady's bower, and that the fair light of Heaven was none other but the melting influence of her own bright eyes."

"You Italians are wonderful creatures," returned De Mara, "for you are able to discourse all the eloquence of love on the mere abstract proposition. But come," added he, willing to change the discourse, "what is the plan for the night's frolic, for I have a mind to show you that I am only on the outskirts of that fine place you were talking about so poetically, and have still bachelor's strength enough to leap the boundary, and return to my own companionable demesnes."

"Why, I hardly know whether I may tell you," replied Maravelli with a significant smile, "though your passive presence would be desirable enough."

"My passive presence! 'Faith, your Italianship is more deep in the fairy land of mystery than I in that of Cupid, for I am beyond my depth already, unless you mean that my body is wanted without my more immaterial part."

"Not so much out of your depth, after all," returned the other, drily; "but now I think of it, I shall leave you to your own discoveries—assisted by Mademoiselle Schvolen, for of course you spend the evening there?"

"Of course I do not," said the Count impatiently.

"*Corpo di Bacco!* I trust there is no quarrel. Not spend the evening there! It will spoil the smartest piece of pleasantry that we have undertaken since you have deserted us."

"Most mysterious Maravelli!" cried De Mara, "excuse the alliteration, and do, for Heaven's sake, explain this wonderful secret that requires the use of my body without my soul."

"On one condition—that you spend the evening with your mistress."

"Humph!" exclaimed the nobleman, "I can hardly oblige you in that."

"Now this is a hard case. Here have we been beseeching your Lordship for an evening these three months, and it was always, 'excuse me, I must wait upon the lady;' and now, when we have found out a way to make this answer-perpetual available, you are as unaccommodating the other way."

"Have I not told you already that I intend to dedicate this evening to you and my old party, and you refuse to have me;—who is it now that is unaccommodating?"

"Well, I will compromise. You shall know my secret on condition that wherever we go to-night, you give us full privilege to take you along with us."

"A bargain," cried De Mara, "and now for the arcanum?"

"Thus it is;—but see there be no frowning. I need not tell you how scandalously you have deserted your former Knot of associates for this

Madonna of the road-side inn. Patient creatures that we were, we bore it till endurance became a failing, rather than a virtue; and last night we determined to celebrate your obsequies."

"My what?" exclaimed De Mara.

"Surely, there is nothing remarkable," answered the other, "that a man's friends, when they find that he is irretrievably dead, should wish to pay a last tribute, and honour him with a *memento mori*."

"The dead man returns you his most humble acknowledgments," cried the Count, and he took off his hat while making a low reverence to Maravelli.

"Pray put on your hat again," said he with a mock gravity, "lest the dead man take cold. And now listen while I tell you how tenderly we mean to deal with your memory."

"But would it not have been as well to have taken evidence as to my decease, before you dealt in your tender mercies?"

"Evidence! The cause was as clearly proved

as the death of St. Januarius. *I* was the first witness, and not only showed how many hundred times you had been summoned to our councils without coming, but was able to depose that you were so very dead that you had actually neglected to pay that trifling wager you lost on the day this cursed infatuation overtook you: let me tell you, this last point had very great weight indeed."

"Of course, after so satisfactory a deposition, no further testimony was required," observed the Count.

"None was felt to be necessary; but to place every thing beyond the doubting of a sceptic, Mon Petit stepped forward, and stated that six weeks ago he addressed a letter to you, requiring your advice in a little love-affair of his own, which letter remained unanswered up to the very moment at which he was speaking. This also was thought most important evidence; for it was universally agreed that when De Mara forgot to proffer advice in a matter that concerned love and women, he must be lost to all animation."

"There is something in that, to be sure," muttered the Count; "and so you were satisfied?"

"The third and last witness was no other than Altoz, who returned but yesterday from his journey, and like a true and faithful liege presented himself to the Knot immediately. He stated a thousand facts to prove that you had expired at least three months ago, and assured us he was so convinced of it, that when he arrived near Rheims, he rode over to your chateau for the express purpose of ordering the house to be shut up, and a hatchment with your coat of arms to be suspended over the door: the only hope to be gathered from his statement was that insinuated in the '*Resurgam*' which he ordered to be painted underneath in letters of two inches and a half."

"And so the Knot have set themselves up as undertakers and upholders after all?" cried De Mara; "I wish them joy of their new calling. But may I be allowed to ask to what particular

use my body is to be applied, since you seem so anxious to have the loan of it for this evening?"

"That," replied Maravelli, "brings me back to the obsequies. After it was universally agreed that you were decidedly dead, poor Altoz, almost in tears for the loss of his departed friend, proposed that we should honour your memory with a public testimonial."

"The devil!" cried the Count; "this is a little too much; what passes in your own carousal-room is all fair play; but a public testimonial—"

"The difficulty was felt; and your friends, tender of you, even though dead, agreed that the matter should be arranged allegorically, so that while their consciences were satisfied, no further exposure of your unhappy end should be bruited abroad."

"How infinitely kind! but the Lord have mercy on any thing in the shape of an allegory coming from such a band of unimaginative *messieurs!*"

"Ingratitude! rank ingratitude! But hear our delicate invention, and blush at its recital. After the discussion of numerous suggestions, that of Mon Petit was at length accepted. It ran thus:—That the whole Knot should accoutre themselves in becoming sables, and proceed this evening to the spot where it was held to be certain your body was interred; though it seems we miscalculated this point, for we held it to be sure that it was deposited at the lodgings of Mademoiselle Schvolen; and, after declaring the patent of your titles and honours, sing a solemn dirge as a requiem to your wandering and unhappy spirit."

"But you forget that Geneva is not Venice," cried De Mara; "and that instead of tracking the moonlit wave in your reflected gondola, the cold stones of the street must have been your theatre of representation, with the amiable prospect of the night-watch coming upon you every moment, in whose ears dulcet sounds are but ill-omened, and who call music a disturbance,

entitling the performers to a lodging gratis in the guard-house for the night."

"That was thought of, too; but we deemed it worth while running the risk of having a scampering match with those worthies, to pay so much respect to our deceased associate: besides, even if detained, we calculated on softening their obdurate hearts when we told them of your many virtues and good qualities. And besides, again, who would not submit to the martyrdom of a night in the guard-house to do honour to the departed merits of De Mara in an allegory that he alone could have excelled?"

"Prodigiously allegorical on my faith!" exclaimed De Mara; "so the plan was to break in on my endeavours to carry the girl, and perhaps overturn all my prospects, by throwing an air of ridicule on my attentions. Upon my word, I am inexpressibly obliged to Mon Petit for his ingenuity, and to the Knot for their connivance in the absurdity. Under favour, I shall make bold to give these merry mourners a hint of my feeling on the subject."

Maravelli, who saw that the Count was ruffled at the project, and had no inclination to draw on himself his indignation, which he felt it would be much easier to bear when shared among his fellows, made no immediate reply to this remark; and the two walked forward towards the usual place of rendezvous of the associates without further converse. De Mara, by what has been detailed, had his thoughts naturally carried back to Madeline, and, once engaged on that interesting subject, the other became but of secondary consideration. Ever active in making every thing and every body that came across his path subservient to the scheme that he had so much at heart, he could not help taxing his imagination to find out some way in which these burlesque preparations that were to have been converted into missiles for his own head, might be rendered serviceable to the position in which his affair with the orphan now stood; and by the time he reached the place of meeting with his quondam associates, he thought he saw a way in which the frolic of the night might be of use.

In consequence of the delay which had been occasioned to Maravelli by his conversation with the Count, they found, on entering the *salon*, that the rest of the party were assembled.

No sooner did De Mara make his appearance, than Mon Petit, with a well-executed start and aspect of fright, exclaimed, "A ghost! a ghost!" and ran away to hide himself behind the window-curtain that hung nearest to him.

"I cannot help feeling," said De Mara gravely, "what a pity it is to check any facetiousness on the part of Mon Petit; for it is so seldom that he can amass any for the benefit of his friends, that under other circumstances I should be disposed to respond to his 'a ghost! a ghost!' by 'a miracle! a miracle!'—but, gentlemen, I request your serious attention for one minute: I trust I may command so much of your former friendship?"

The gravity of his manner effectually checked a score of good-fellow jokes that were on the point of being let off at his entry, and the silence

of the party showed him how easy it was for him to assume at will that popular influence he had possessed over them before he gave them the slip so unceremoniously at the road-side inn.

"My good friends," continued he, as soon as he saw that he had secured to himself a silent hearing; "my good friends—for I trust you all know enough of De Mara to believe, that though he may be deluded a while by the *ignis fatuus* of a beauteous woman, he still leaves his heart among you, as a pledge that he himself—business accomplished—will return with redoubled pleasure to your companionship;—I am among you to-night—first to explain, and next to petition. Maravelli has been relating to me the plan for this evening. I must take upon myself to tell you—even though my petition shall fail through it—that it is of that I complain, and most grievously. I will not deny that I have neglected you, apparently at least, though I think you ought to have known me well enough to feel that there is no one honour in this world that I so deeply

prize, as that of belonging to the Knot, in the formation of which, I may take credit to myself for having been an active partisan; but the excellence of a judgment is to apportion the castigation to the offence. Now, consider for one moment, what you were about to do with the expectation of finding me at Mademoiselle Schvolen's: you intended to proceed thither for the purpose of exciting her attention and mine to your ceremonies. What would have been the consequence? For any thing that you have the power to guard against, it might have produced an irretrievable rupture between the girl and me: she might have resented such a public display personally on me, as emanating from my friends, and the whole of my past toils would have been undone by a crude and ill-digested frolic. This, too, ought to have been the more manifest to you, for a moment's consideration might have told you that my continued absence could only arise from the failure of my attack upon her; and, consequently, that any measure of my friends,

calculated to give her dissatisfaction, was likely to be turned to my disadvantage. I trust I have said enough to convince you that my position is correct, and that in complaining of it I have been guilty of no breach of the Knot-privilege."

A general murmur of assent broke from the assembly, and Mon Petit was forward to make his acknowledgments of contrition at having been the main promoter of the project.

"Then," replied De Mara, "assist the petition which I am about to proffer, and more than amends will be made; but in making the request you will hear anon, I trust you will allow it to be understood, that no questions as to my motives are to be asked. I have already dropped sufficient to show you that I am not so successful in my present undertaking as I could wish; and if I am to flatter myself that the true meaning and intent of your proposed frolic was an indication of your desire to have me once more among you, I have a still better claim to call for your aid, as in promoting my success you will

be hastening my re-appearance in this your hall of mirth. But to the petition, which is simply this—that having consented to put aside the obsequies with which you were about to honour my memory, and receive my living self again among you, you will render a second obligation to the returned prodigal, by giving him your voices to-night in a serenade instead of a dirge; and, as a reward, he will cede to you the privilege of performing it on the very spot where you proposed to immortalize him with a requiem."

This proposition was hailed with universal pleasure; for the only drawback to giving up the original scheme was a feeling of disappointment at not being able to enjoy the night's frolic.

"But," cried Maravelli, "you forget, De Mara, that we are in Geneva, and not in Venice."

"And you forget," replied the Count, "that the scheme is worth a scampering match with the night-watch."

"To be sure it is," cried Mon Petit; "that will be the best part of the whole—what Herr

Sassenhogt would call a running accompaniment to the serenade. So come, De Mara, produce your words, and we will have copies distributed, and adopt the plan at once."

"Ten minutes' law, if you please, gentlemen; the words are not yet written; but prepare your cloaks and guitars, and I will be with you anon to claim the poet's laurel at your hands."

In little more than the time for which he had stipulated, De Mara made his appearance with a paper in his hand. "Before I read my hasty effort," said he, "I must again remind you of the bargain on which I have accepted your services—that no questions are to be asked as to what the lines may allude to."

The assent of the party being given to this arrangement, the Count read to them the following lines, which he proposed by way of

SERENADE.

My lady love, the moon is high,
Sweeping the greenly-tinted sky;
Her tranquil light sheds silver ray
On wood and wave that underlay.

Fairy elves keep watch and ward,
To mould the beams that touch the sward,
And with the bubbles dightly star
Titania's giddy and pellucid car.

But yonder, wind-borne, floats a cloud,
The smile on Dian's face to shroud ;
Darkness all the earth embays,
No longer deck'd with Dian's rays :
The tiny fairies droop their head,
And hurry to their dew-sprent bed ;—
Or, crouching in some moss-grown court,
Beshrew the spiteful cloud that checks their sport.

Thou art *my* moon, my lady love,
And in thy gleam alone I move ;
But, lo ! the light thou shed'st is paled,
And all my instinct heart is quail'd.
Oh, let it be but passing gloom
That overhangs my tristful doom ;
Dissolve the angry clouds that frown,
And re-assert thy ray-emitting crown.

These lines were received with all the favour which any thing coming from De Mara was sure to obtain from his companions ; and under the superintendence of Maravelli, whose readiness on the

occasion would have done honour to Sassenhogt himself, it was arranged to an air of Martini, with which the vocal strength of the party was sufficiently acquainted, to be able to make a decent figure in it after one or two experiments.

Thus tutored, they sallied forth from their hall of rendezvous ; and that they might not excite attention sooner than was necessary, they took different ways in parties of two and three to the street where Madeline's abode was situated. The Count's heart beat high when, as he arrived opposite her dwelling, he perceived a light in her sitting-room ; and still higher did it beat, when the illumination within enabled him to trace the shadows of two persons moving to and fro. Could it be that Wahrend—the happy unknown villager—was still there at that late period ? It was long past the hour when even he, favoured lover as he had been, had been expected to withdraw for the night, since the decease of Deboos had made Madeline watchful of her own proprieties ; and yet if it were not Wahrend, who

could it be ?—Albert ? He hoped so, and yet hardly dared flatter himself that the conjecture was correct, so well did he know that the darling custom of the youth was to bury himself deep in the solitude of his own chamber, without book or candle, and there brood over his own impenetrable reveries. If possible, however, he was determined to discover to whom that shadow belonged; and he rejoiced that his accidental rencontre with the Italian had suggested to him a means by which he might be able to attract the inmates of the apartment to the window; to do which the more effectually, he resolved to take no part in the serenade, lest Madeline's quick sense should catch his voice.

By this time all were arrived; and the signal being given by Maravelli, the vocalists began their task. Up to that moment not a sound had been heard in the street; all was hush, and, to mortal appearance, as inanimate as the face of the broad moon that looked down upon them with all the fulness of her midnight lustre, as though

willing to receive the tribute that De Mara's essay offered to her beauty. The voices of those who sung were of a sweet and flexible tone ; and the habit which prevailed with the associates of spending a large portion of their meetings in such harmonious amusements, gave a happy unison and finish to their joint endeavours.

The Count, who had stationed himself in a deep and shady angle of the street, had waited for the first notes of the serenade with the impatience of a man who was expecting from their effect the solution of a harassing and knotty riddle. They commenced, and his eye became unalterably fixed on the pair of shadows that were still reclining against the muslin curtains that excluded the passing stranger from penetrating into the interior of the apartment. When first the stilly night was wakened from her gentle slumber by the concord of sweet sounds that stole upon her silence, the shadows, that heretofore had flitted to and fro, as though the substantial forms from which they emanated were

pacing the floor of the chamber, became stationary and fixed as the gaze of their anxious watcher. De Mara hailed it as a good omen of the song having attracted *their* attention, and *his* became more zealous in return. Presently the light curtain of the nearest window was seen quickly to move—the window opened—and some one protruded into the balcony. "It is a man's form," muttered the nobleman to himself, as he endeavoured to satisfy his mind of *what* man's form it was. But the substance was nearly as obscure and undefined as the shadow had been; and it was in vain that he stretched his powers of sight to the uttermost, to gain knowledge of the person. Whoever it might be, he leaned over the balcony for an instant, as if in the act of intense listening, and then suddenly rose to his height again. De Mara, who reckoned each action with that nicety of observation, which the tiger pourtrays as she screws each muscle to its highest function to dart upon her victim, fancied this last movement was in-

dicative of the figure being about to retire—perhaps, to return no more. Such suspense was intolerable; and, forgetful of his resolution to keep beyond the illumination of the moon's ray, he darted forward to ascertain, by nearer approach, who it was that commanded the right of being in the possession of Madeline's apartment at such an hour of night: he looked—he recognised—and his breast heaved high, as though casting off some huge and onerous load, while his lips involuntarily gave utterance to the words "Albert! thank Heaven!"

It comes within man's nature when he has intently set his mind on one sole object, to feel at its satisfactory completion more than the gain will warrant. Thus with De Mara! So much had he feared that the night companion of his mistress was one whose presence would make him tremble, that when the re-action came by which his imagination was relieved from that dread, he admitted more joy than the ascertained position had a right to justify. So the red-hot

gamester, who has lost sum after sum the long night through, feeds his spirit with unreasonable hope when at length a solitary stake is won, little dreaming of the despair that is to be his when—the sitting finished—he casts up the fearful balance of his losings.

De Mara had rightly interpreted the meaning of Albert's motion; it was to retire—but only for the purpose of summoning his sister. She, little dreaming for whom the night music was intended, obeyed the call; and again Albert with deep intensity of feeling is leaning over the balcony, as though he would drink music's charmed cup to the very dregs. His eager eye beams with fire borrowed from the brain, and he clenches the rail that supports him, as one who is suddenly transported beyond the strength of his nature.

The Count no sooner traced the fairy form of his mistress in the balcony, than he became anxious that she should be made aware whence the music emanated, and in whose honour the

serenade was given. The performers had just concluded the second stanza; and as they commenced the third, De Mara's voice, so well known, and so melodious in the maiden's ears, joined in its place. Madeline recognised it in a moment, and the recognition explained to her in the like short space of time the whole purport and intent of the performance: for an instant after the mystery was solved to her, she lingered in the balcony, as though it required an effort on her part to drag herself away from that which had ever been her chief food of love, and then, with a whisper to Albert to follow her example, she drew back within the recess of the window.

But that whisper the brother heard not, or heeded not. His whole sense of hearing was consecrate to the sounds that fed his passion; and the rest of his faculties lay entranced and helpless, as though they were of no avail.

De Mara understood the action of his mistress, and his heart, that had just been beating so high at ascertaining Wahrend's absence, now sank

again to find that she shrank from receiving any token of devotion from him. He ceased to sing, and the harmony of his companions was but as discord to his hearing.

Maravelli was just trilling out the last notes of the serenade, and contemplating a wind-up with a peculiar flourish of his own, when Mon Petit, who had been all along not a little nervous as to their final destination for the night,—and, in his fear of the night-guard coming upon them, thought 'each bush an officer,'—exclaimed, "The guard!—the guard!—I hear their tread and heavy heels at the corner of the street."

This flurried and ominous announcement produced an immediate sensation among the Knot. Each took to flight in the direction where escape seemed most feasible: it was in vain that Maravelli called out to them at least to finish the serenade before they fled; no one heeded the despairing tone in which he urged the request; and he himself, at length imbibing the night-guard panic that had seized upon his friends,

joined the train of fugitives; though, true to his faith to the last, he sang as he ran, till his want of breath brought his notes down to something little better than a snorting sort of fugue.

The Count, who had been disturbed in his impatient reverie on Madeline's waywardness, by the sudden exclamation of Mon Petit, and the consequent bustle of his companions, unconsciously imitated their example, and because they ran, ran himself. Nor did he stop till he found himself beyond the boundaries of the city and its suburbs, and close upon the borders of the mighty lake that looked like some Leviathan inward sea, stretching its broad and ample face to court the gaze of the night-luminary that tipt with sparkling silver each rippling of its waters. The tranquillity and undisturbed repose of the scene recalled him to attend to outward objects. He ceased the mechanical speed by which he had so rapidly outstripped his companions, and, looking round, he found he was alone.

His mind was so deeply involved in the circumstances connected with his progress with Madeline, that he could afford but a faint smile at the recollection of the cause which had thus broken up his party of *camaradas,* and brought himself so unexpectedly to the dwelling of solitude and silence. The smile given, his mind again reverted to that which had principally occupied his thoughts for so many months, and was now more peremptory there than ever ; and he thanked the opportunity which allowed him, without fear of interruption, to wander along the moon-lit banks of the lake, and ruminate in commune with his own soul on those measures, which his fertile brain suggested as best calculated to counteract the marring step he had adopted, in provoking Madeline's heart from that train of love which he had taken so much pains to lay.

Slowly he paced the shore, and minutely he laboured in his mind each point that was to be urged on behalf of his again being on a right

understanding with the object of his pursuit. Every possible move in his game of love was passed in review on the board, but it seemed to his discontented spirit as if every check was black, and every suggestion only a further step towards the losing of the game. Now it was that he—a desperate gamester at Cupid's hazard —found opportunity to cast up the amount of his stakes; and now it was that, in ascertaining the sum of his losses, the short-lived joy he had obtained in being assured of Wahrend's absence became evanescent, and as nought in the sweeping balance against him.

True it was that Wahrend in his belief was not in Madeline's apartment at midnight: but what proof was that that he was not in her heart? He had watched them keenly at the Plain Palais, and looks had passed between them that had left a deep and painful impression on his memory, so that he hardly dared to trust himself to think at all on the prospect:—to think calmly on it was beyond his power; all lay enveloped in such

oppressive obscurity. "Fair queen of evening," exclaimed he, as he turned his gaze upwards to the orb that sailed the heavens in all the fulness of her majesty :—"fair queen of evening! Oh that the light was mine, or that I might wield thee as Perseus did of old his Gorgon shield, and, by turning your illumined front on her who harasses and delights in the self-same instant, penetrate the veritable thoughts that lie deep imbedded in her bosom."

Well might he so address the mistress of the skies! Brightly she shone as just a month before she had made clear the wandering steps of Albert, when he rushed from the concert-room with all the ecstacy of music tumultuous in his soul: half that month had seen her dwindle from the face of earth till no more than a fine and horned thread marked her 'diminished head;' and now the same space of time had once again regenerated her, and forth she blazed in the mid-heaven in all her pristine glory.

But a rude and sudden sound all on the instant

broke De Mara's train of thought. It fell upon his ear, as though some heavy and massive thing had been dashed upon the surface of the lake. Awakened from himself, he listens, and the first full sound is followed by a gurgling of the water, as if subsiding after the violent rupture it had undergone. Then another sound comes upon his ear; 'tis like the convulsive struggling of a living thing beating the surface in despair, till, sinking below, the noise is deadened and removed. Once, twice, thrice, the same perception reached the nobleman; while his eye, directed by his ear, is enabled to perceive something half above the surface of the waves, half-immersed in their broad and engulphing bosom.

De Mara, though a cold-hearted creature of the world, was no misanthrope. The thought was upon him that it was a human being in the last agony of drowning; and full of the hasty impulses of humanity, he plunged into the lake, and swam towards the spot whither his attention

had been directed. As he approached he found that his conjecture was right, for he could trace in part the shape of a human figure just sinking beneath the surface of the stream. The confirmation of his expectation threw vigour into all his muscles, and he struck out bold and strong. Swiftly his nervous limbs ploughed a track through the obedient waters: at each stroke his elevated head rose high above the surface, as though the force of his skilful action was used to enable him to take a surer survey of the object that lay stretched inanimately before him; and, even at the very moment when the waves seemed to be opening a capacious gap to receive their unresisting prey, the firm right hand of the dextrous swimmer snatched it from its destiny, while his whole frame was exerted in bearing it slowly, but surely, to the distant bank, that almost seemed to be in traitorous concert with its sister water, and to recede in spite of De Mara's best efforts to land his burden. At length the shore was gained; and the Count, nearly

exhausted with the struggle he had had to encounter, could do little more than roll his prize beyond the reach of the waters. A few minutes, however, re-invigorated his strength, and he was able again to turn his attention to the body that lay before him. It was that of an athletic man, of a short and stunted figure, clad in the usual humble costume of the country. Round his neck was clasped the collar of a cloak so tightly, that it required some effort from his preserver to unfasten it: this, however, explained in some measure why the body had floated so long on the surface, for the Count perceived in a moment that it would have taken some minutes for the element to saturate and destroy the buoyant qualities of the huge expanse of cloth, so as to permit the substance which it upheld to assert its gravity beneath the waters. But still the being, whoever he might be, remained motionless and inanimate, and De Mara felt that there yet remained much to be done to complete his task in a happy issue. As for other aid than his own, it was

hopeless ; the night had relapsed into its former silence, and look which way he would, he could see neither villa nor cot that might afford hope of hospitable succour. Of surgical knowledge the Count could not make much boast, but he remembered something of the old-fashioned maxim of rolling the body, or suspending it by the heels till it voided the superfluous fluid that had been swallowed,—and for want of better hope he commenced this task ; but the undertaking to suspend the body with the head downwards required some sort of prop by which to steady the balance ; and, on looking round him, an old wood-work jetty presented itself as the object best fitted for such a use : the position justified his expectation, for almost immediately the stomach was relieved from a vast quantity of the fluid that had been swallowed, and the lungs heaved with something between a sigh and a groan. The body was now suffered to be extended on the ground, and it soon began to give still more pregnant symptoms of approaching re-animation. De

Mara anxiously noted each token as it appeared: the chest vibrating with newly recovered breath, the involuntary twitching of the limbs, the play of the lips, as though endeavouring to modulate human sounds, the shifting eyes that seemed to be practising to regain that rapid and unforced motion which constitutes one of the wonders of that most wondrous organ,—all confirmed the hope within him that the life of a human being had been saved.

But at length the hope became certainty. The stranger half raised his head from the ground, gazed wildly at his preserver, and exclaimed in broken accents, "You have kept your promise, then. I thought you had forgotten that this was our night of meeting."

"My good fellow," cried the Count, "I am afraid you have not yet gathered back your fleeting senses. Rest quiet awhile."

"Why, no; it is not the voice. Yet who else but one who was bound under the sanction of a promise should be in such a place at such an hour?"

"Take my advice," replied the Count, "and do not harass your thoughts at the present moment. The peril you have so narrowly escaped has unnerved you."

"Peril!—peril!—ah, now I remember the whole. But what is this? Dry land, when I should be deep in the waters! what does it all mean?"

"It means that you must ask no questions till you are more tranquil. Do you think that you are strong enough to walk?"

"Ay, that I am!—and strong enough to climb to yon old jetty's height again, and take a second leap;" and he arose from the ground, not without some little effort, though it was apparent that he was rapidly recovering all his former powers.

De Mara laid his hand gently on his shoulder as he said, "I know not how strong your body may be, but your words evidently show that your mind has not yet recovered its tone, or you would never dwell on such madness a second time."

"Sir, do you know me?" cried the stranger abruptly.

"I cannot say I do," replied the Count, somewhat puzzled at his manner.

"Then how comes it you pretend to know my affairs better than I do myself? did you ever hear of the proverb 'every man his own physician?'"

"Perhaps I have; and so have many dead men, if they could tell all."

"And living ones too," returned the other, "who, but for adopting the hint, would be in your friends'—the dead men's place. I am one of those who acknowledge its truth; and what if I came to the conclusion that drowning was good for me?"

"Why, in that case," replied De Mara with a smile, "you were likely to prove another maxim, that—'good is sometimes ill.'"

"Ah, Sir, I find you are as ready as Sancho Pança at a proverb; so I leave you to your learning, and beg that this time I may be allowed to take my bath by myself."

"For Heaven's sake," cried the Count, asto-

nished at the man's audacious infatuation, " do not be so mad!"

" Mad again! Hark-ye, my cork jacket, which is better of the two? To die filled with water in a couple of minutes, or to die filled with nothing on the starving system of a couple of weeks? I have neither ducat, franc, nor stiver wherewith to purchase a spoonful of poor man's broth, and I have no ambition to walk the earth till I am reduced to a ready-made specimen for a school of anatomy."

" But have you no friends?"

" Friends!" cried the Reckless with a fearful shout;—" who ever heard of friends for the *sans six sous?* No, Sir, the only acquaintances I can hope to make are the hangman or the whipper-in of poor devils at the cart's tail; and I have long been of opinion that it is best not to be on speaking terms with such ill-favoured gentry."

" But perhaps you might find a friend in me," cried the Count, anxious to urge any thing that might break down the fellow's desperate resolution.

"Turn your face to the moon," cried he, "that I may read it. Humph! so far, so good;—no, that's an ugly line,—but there's a good one set against it;—so perhaps I may find a friend in you; and now I think of it, it is the only satisfaction you can render me for the infernal piece of impertinence you have been guilty of in baling my body out of the lake, as if it were no better than a sack of cheese-paring."

"Certainly, my new-found half-drowned friend," cried the Count, a little nettled at the unceremoniousness of his remarks, "you have a most winning way of insinuating your rights. But come, a thought strikes me that we may be mutually useful to one another: therefore, on condition that you furnish me with your company to-night, I engage to find you a supper, and five gold Louis for your present use."

"A bargain," cried the other, voraciously; "but mind, I warn you that your offer is equal at least to ten Louis, for my appetite, never contemptible, has the peculiar recommendation this

evening of being whetted with a three days' fast."

"Well, I admit the honesty of your warning, but feel the more bound to stand to the bargain; and I hope you may find more satisfaction in swallowing mine host's viands, than the cold cheer on which I found you feeding when I first had the honour of making your acquaintance."

"Never fear, most noble gentleman," replied the stranger, "for though neither meal will be at my own expense, I know how to pay more respect to one so handsomely volunteered on your part than that on which I forced myself so unceremoniously, and at a moment's warning."

"But how about our clothes?—I begin to find mine somewhat chilly."

"We will walk the quicker, and I doubt not a change may be found for you at our house of eating, wherever you may please to appoint it: and, for myself, the devil may care before I shall give a thought to what is on the outside, as long as I can line my interior with fat capon and smoking provender."

"Come then," cried the Count, "the sooner we start, the sooner we shall be there;"—and the two proceeded side by side at a rapid pace towards Geneva.

CHAPTER VIII.

Ay, mark the plot. Not any circumstance
That stood within the reach of the design,
Of persons, dispositions, matter, time,
Or place, but by this brain of mine was made
An instrumental help ; yet nothing from
The induction to the accomplishment
Or done of purpose, seemed forced but by accident.

Old Play.

The pace at which the Count and his new-formed acquaintance strode along was not very well suited to conversation, and they therefore proceeded a considerable part of the road in silence. De Mara employed the opportunity in endeavouring to conjecture from the dialogue that had taken place, what sort of a being it was whom he had so

suddenly inlisted into his company; and now that the first enthusiasm of saving a fellow-creature's life had somewhat gone off, he did not find much to gratify him in such tokens and symbols as the stranger had thought fit to exhibit. This was not the first time the nobleman had heard of, or even met with men who affected a hatred towards mankind, and amongst that number, towards themselves, and whose mouths flamed with fine-worded resolutions of calling on death to release them from their sorrows, and seeking the refuge of the grave from the troublous annoyance of the world. But the present specimen seemed to be one of misanthropy without sentiment,—of worldly contempt without redeeming grace; and the more he dwelt on the words that had been uttered by the strange good-for-nought whose life he had preserved, the less reason he found to congratulate himself on the success of his effort. With this feeling came the thought whether he should not at once get quit of his companion, and leave him to rid himself of his troubles as he might list; but

this, as often as it recurred, was checked by the idea of which he had already dropped a hint to the man—that they might perhaps be mutually useful to each other. The ill success of his project on Madeline had made him deeply feel the loss of Deboos ; and the reckless manner in which this half-drowned stoic had reprobated his interference, even to save him from the very fangs of death, had originated the thought in his mind that one so daring, so audacious, and so unbending, might be of service to him either in suggesting some plan that should be of use, or at least in executing any thing that might require intrepidity or carelessness of the world's law from its agent.

While these thoughts were fluctuating in his brain, the mysterious and uncouth creature who formed this chief matter of them strode on a little in advance and silently, nor ever turned his head to see whether his companion tracked the same course which he had taken. The same even rapid pace still marked his progress—the same downcast lowering of the head into the collar of his

cloak rendered his shape scarcely more than a moving lumbering mass; and no change in his manner could be observed, but that as he approached nearer and nearer to the environs of the city, he drew his large and ample cloak in still closer folds around his form, and his head sank still lower and lower beneath its upper part, so that the child of superstition whose fancy loves best to look at all dark things askant, might almost have pictured the object that pressed forward so rapidly as some headless and preternatural bugbear of nature.

At length he halted, that De Mara might reach his side.

"Friend of drowned men and of suppers," he said, "yonder is Geneva: I can smell the busy haunts of men, and it comes upon the sense like the narrow and unwholesome odour of a gaol. If so poor a man as myself may presume to petition so rich a man as you, I would prefer a request that the promised eatables for which my appetite is more than prepared, may be obtained at the first house to which we come."

" Just as you will," replied the Count, secretly glad at a proposal which prevented his having to parade the streets of Geneva in company with so ill-favoured a follower, " but I suspect we shall find some difficulty in finding any place to receive us at so late an hour."

" If I may be constituted guide, I will undertake to lead the way to a house fully competent to serve up a supper for a prince, provided it be paid for in a princely way."

" Agreed!" cried De Mara; " I promise you that this night there shall be limits neither to the quality nor the quantity of the supply which your appetite demands."

" Then be pleased to follow me down this turning," said the other, who during the last words of the Count had made another full stop at a corner where a dark and dismal lane emptied itself into the main road along which they had hitherto been walking.

" With all my heart," rejoined the Count; " though it must be confessed that the lane is,

like yourself, very independent of outside appearances."

The stranger made no answer to this remark of his patron, but strode on as lustily as before; while the Count, who found the intricacies of the way even greater than he had anticipated, was obliged to give all his attention to the course which his leader adopted; for their line of march was chiefly delineated by a long and high wall, and the moon, which had by this time descended from her midnight height, cast from it a heavy shadow across their path. As soon as the wall finished, the Count found himself in the neighbourhood of a cluster of houses of no very promising appearance, and it was at the door of one of these that his guide made a stand.

"This is the land of milk and honey," exclaimed he; "shall I demand admission?"

"The sooner the better," said De Mara, "for I shall not be sorry to throw aside my damp attire before the heat, into which my imitation of your ramping pace has thrown me, subsides."

The stranger on this bidding knocked at the gate, which appeared to lead into a sort of porch ; and, after a short pause, a thick-set jolly-looking fellow made his appearance at a little loop-hole that formed a sort of set-off to the entry.

" Who knocks ? " interrogated he.

" Put the light this way," answered the other, " and answer the question for yourself."

The host (if such he was) did as he was directed, and after gazing on the head that for the occasion was not only lifted out of its hiding-place, but unbonneted to afford a fairer perusal of the features, " What ! is it you, master ?" exclaimed he.

" Whisht ! " cried the other, putting his finger to his lips.

" Not I ! " testily replied the landlord ; " a pretty thing to whisht for a man without a tester in his pouch ! I told you two nights ago you could have no entry here ; and I marvel at your impudence to knock up a man from his bed only to show him a face which has poverty marked in every line of it."

"Mercenary scoundrel!" muttered the other; and then raising his voice, he continued, "but, my good Kobolt, hear a word in reason. If I have no money myself, here is a noble gentleman who will pay like a prince:—I tell you his garments are of ducats, and his cloak made of Louis."

"Humph!" replied the host; "I would there were less poetry in the description, for I know you of old—the less the subject will bear it, the more you lay on load. However, let the gentleman show himself, and I warrant my eye will reduce your poetic fiction to the prosaic fact of the matter."

De Mara had no relish for such an exhibition. "Hark-ye, sirrah," cried he, "open the door of the inn, if it be an inn, or you may chance to hear of it from the syndic to-morrow. Do you suppose I am to stand here to have my appearance scanned like a horse at a fair? Open, I say!"

"That will I," cried Kobolt, and he threw the door wide open as he added in a whisper to him who had been refused, "I can draw inferences

from words as well as from dress; and there is the true aristocratic accent in your companion's voice."

And then to the Count, with a low bow, he said, "I beg your pardon, Sir, for detaining you for a moment, but the lateness of the hour, and the—"

"Enough, enough," interrupted De Mara, who was afraid that the host's next observation might allude to the strange companion with whom he appeared; "and now satisfy this gentleman as to what supper he can have, and me as to what change of dress you can lend me, for I have had the ill fortune to be better acquainted with the Lake than the coldness of the night makes agreeable."

The landlord asked no questions, though it was easy to see from the expression of his countenance that there was some curiosity lurking in his mind to know what could have led to such a chance.

"If you will wait on the gentleman," said the stranger, "I can find my own way to the kitchen; and perhaps I may have the good luck to meet

with enough in the larder to furnish my appetite with occupation till his honour is served."

"With all my heart," replied the host; and he led the Count up an old-fashioned flight of stairs, that creaked heavily in answer to each footfall that pressed upon their well-worn boards. When they arrived on the first landing, De Mara found himself in an antique but lofty corridor, around the sides of which were arrayed doors that appeared to lead to the various apartments on that floor. The tympans and mouldings of the doors, like the balustrades of the staircase, were deeply carved in the old Swiss style; and the general appearance afforded every reason to believe that the house had seen better days and a more dignified proprietor than him who was leading the Count through its obscure and almost indistinguishable departments.

After having crossed the extensive corridor Kobolt paused before a door, and, placing his hand on the lock, endeavoured to turn it: for a while it resisted his efforts, and at length only moved

under his strength with a grating and unwilling sound. When the door was opened, a cold and damp vapour seemed to come from the apartment, and De Mara thought he felt a greater chill creep over him than when he first plunged into the broad waters of the Lake, and thus commenced the strange adventures of the night. Perhaps there was something in the novelty and uncouthness of his situation that added to the really damp draft of air that made its way from the room when the door was opened, and met him on the threshold: but be it what it might, it came simultaneously with a thought of doubt as to the position in which he had placed himself. Could it be possible that he had suffered himself to be inveigled into a den of thieves? The idea mixed itself with the corporeal discomfort of the dark air that reached his frame, and he could not resist a half shudder at the complication.

"I hope your honour will excuse the apartment," said Kobolt, observing the shivering of the Count; "but we are so little used to guests,

that these rooms are scarcely looked into once in a year, and the air has time to get as unwholesome as it pleases. I would show your honour into my own room, but my wife is in bed. However, if you will wait a little, I shall not be a minute in fetching you a change of apparel, and then the kitchen-fire will set all right again in a twinkling."

With these words he withdrew, and De Mara was left to his own reflections. Again the thought passed across his mind as to what sort of abode he had thus heedlessly entered. There was no want of courage in his disposition; but none but madmen or knights-errant are in the habit of supposing that one man can face a crew; and it was therefore with no very comfortable sensations that he contemplated the sketch of night-horrors which his fancy, fevered by the excitement he had undergone within the last six or eight hours, pictured to his "seething brain." That his new-found companion was a man ruthless of the world's good name, there could be

no question ; and it is the fashion to conclude, that those who are careless of "golden opinions" in one way, will not be great sticklers for them in another. Geneva was not famous for desperadoes, but Deboos's mysterious death, and Mademoiselle Basault's adventure with the robber, forced themselves into his memory in despite of that general reflection. The house, too, in which he was cooped up, had no very fascinating appearance : at all events, it was in strict accordance with the most approved recipe of romance-writers and novelists, and it only wanted a deep and hanging wood to cluster round it to be the site of as pretty a horror as ever was recorded. But the Count's mind, though doubting, was buoyant ; and he could not help flattering himself that, however suspicious the appearance of his companion might be, the landlord's jolly temperament seemed to have nothing of the ascetic caste of a midnight bird of prey about it : his refusal, too, to admit the stranger, even when he announced that he brought a companion

with him, appeared to be opposed to the sinister reflections which had entered his mind; and to so determined a lover of the sex, the mere fact of there being a woman in the house, as announced by Kobolt as an apology for not showing his guest into his bed-room, was comforting and satisfactory.

While these thoughts were making their way in strange disorder through De Mara's mind, he employed himself in taking a survey of the apartment in which he had been left by his host. In general aspect it seemed to be of a piece with, and after the same design as the corridor and staircase; but the ornaments of the room were that which most attracted his attention. It seemed as if it had served in olden time as the armoury of the place, for on every side were suspended those tools and implements of slaughter which every considerable family in those days thought it necessary to have at hand, when the law was too weak to be able to repel the sudden attacks of malevolent neighbours. On

every side were suspended helmets and breast-plates, spears and swords, daggers and coats of mail—but all so covered with dust, and acted on by the moist atmosphere in which they had so long abided, that the dulled and lack-lustre steel almost refused to give back the unaccustomed light that De Mara passed before them, as he took cognisance of the gloomy show.

The sight of these warlike weapons again made active the suspicions that were afloat in his brain, and he bethought him that it was a good opportunity to furnish himself with something like an instrument of defence, should matters indeed be so bad as his worst conjectures would lead him to believe. With this intention he singled out a sheathed dagger that hung from the wall in company with a shield and two-handed sword. The moment was tempting, and it would be easy to conceal so small a weapon in his dress. Full of the idea, he stretched forth his hand to grasp his prize;—he clutched—but in the nervous eagerness of the instant, some entanglement was

unperceived, and, though the dagger was his, down came rattling sword and shield ; and a cloud of dust accompanied the clashing jingle that rang with many an echo through the empty place.

"Your honour is an antiquarian, I suppose?" cried Kobolt, who at that moment made his appearance at the door. "Fugh!—why, here is as much dust as a troop of horse would raise in the most dusty road in Switzerland after a three weeks' drought."

"I had a mind," replied the Count, somewhat hesitatingly, in being discovered in so equivocal a position—"I had a mind to have a closer survey of the curious workmanship on the sheath of this dagger. The whole room is enough to awaken the curiosity of one who has some right to boast of his ancestry. In case of war, the magistracy of Geneva would do well to apply to you to furnish a regiment out of your own store."

"Then I am sure," replied Kobolt, "I should be good citizen enough to let them have the whole at a very cheap rate. I bought them

myself with the rest of the furniture of the house, and, as you may guess, they are a mere dead weight on my hands."

"Indeed!" cried the Count; "I have a fancy I could find you a purchaser for them, for I know a nobleman who prides himself on his collection of such things; and, indeed, it was with that thought in my mind that I took down this dagger: perhaps you will have no objection to let me take it with me on the condition of returning it in a few days, if I do not find you a purchaser."

"None in the world, Sir," replied the host; "and I shall be more than obliged to you if you can recommend me to any one who will buy the lumber. He may rely on a bargain!—And now, Sir, here are the clothes; you will find them but plain affairs, but they are dry; and I will wait outside while you make the change."

De Mara felt much re-assured at the frank manner in which his host had yielded the dagger to him, and was soon busy in effecting the change

that was so necessary to his comfort. But still there was something in the dead-like silence and sombre hangings of the apartment, that forced a like feeling on his heart, and he determined to try his host yet further, in the hope of making assurance doubly sure.

When, therefore, his change of dress was effected, he observed: "I cannot help feeling a little uneasy for the friends at whose house I am residing, as they will be alarmed at my absence. Do you think you could contrive to have a note conveyed to them for me? I shall not think half-a-dozen Louis too much for the messenger's trouble."

Kobolt's eyes twinkled at the mention of such a sum, and he replied, "I will go myself on your errand as soon as I have shown you into the kitchen, and in half an hour you shall see me again."

The Count expressed his acknowledgments, and, having his tablets about him, he at once wrote a few lines to Altoz, taking care to word

them in Spanish, as the best security he could invent against their being read by his messenger.

Kobolt now only stayed to usher the Count into the kitchen, where they found the stranger deep in the enjoyment of flesh and fowl; bones of all sorts lay by the side of his plate—emblematic of the havoc he had already committed on the contents of his host's larder; though, had it not been for such signs, the reasonable conjecture on witnessing the voracious manner in which he continued to devour every thing that lay spread before him, would have been, that he had only that moment commenced the work of devastation.

"You are well come," cried he, as soon as he perceived their approach, "for as to this wine, Kobolt, it is the vilest that the Rhine was ever guilty of conveying on its stream. Come—come—let us have a batch with the black cork. Did you think I had not been here so long as to forget the mark of the best?"

"Indeed I did not," cried Kobolt; "but if

you will undertake to help yourself, it is yourself you must blame if you light on bad liquor. There," he added, taking half-a-dozen bottles out of a small locker at the back of the settle,—"there is the black cork for you, and I doubt not you have memory enough left to recognise the old flavour."

"Ay, ay, this is it, indeed," said the stranger; "I do believe it was the smell of this wine oozing out of your cellar that first brought me acquainted with your house."

"Well," returned Kobolt, "I am glad you have not lost your taste; and now you must excuse me, gentlemen, for I have a little business to look after. I shall be with you again anon." And then, with a side-glance at De Mara, as much as to say, "you know why!" he quitted the room.

De Mara's new friend seemed hardly to have heard the words, or to notice the absence of his host, for his attention appeared to be once again wholly fixed on the creature-comforts that were

strewed before him in no small abundance on the kitchen-table ; and it was quite a sight to the nobleman to watch how the man fed and drank, and then drank and fed again, as though his appetite was inexhaustible, and, like some water-mill's never-idle wheel, was perpetually rolling round in one uncontrollable and unsatisfied condition.

In this manner the Count sat attentive to his *invité*, still expecting the moment when some sort of show would be made indicative of his power of demolishing being somewhat blunted. But when nearly half an hour had elapsed, and the same sort of display of devouring appeared to his impatience to threaten to become eternal, he could not help exclaiming, " Pray, how long did you say it was since you last enjoyed the comfort of a supper ?"

The stranger, without looking up, replied, " By-and-bye, most noble,—by-and-bye you shall have answers to what you list. But I should have thought you were too well-mannered to

interrupt a poor fellow at his devotions;" and having delivered himself of this rebuke, he continued to make his way through flesh and fluid as though he had made some secret vow to himself never to pause so long as a drop or morsel remained on the board.

In obedience to the suggestion of the stranger, De Mara again relapsed into silence; nor did he utter another syllable till the hint was given by the other pushing his knife and fork from him, and taking a long and hearty expiration from the very bottom of his chest, as if he intended to signify by it a sort of confession that he had fed so largely, it was become necessary to thrust even the air from his lungs, so that nothing might intrude to interrupt the comfortable digestion of the enormous mass he had devoured.

"I am afraid," exclaimed the Count, "that there is only one thing to which you can attend to-night, so that it will be in vain to introduce any other."

"Not at all, not at all, most excellent finder

of suppers," cried the other; "*there was* only one thing to which I could attend; but thanks to your guarantee and my diligence, that matter has been happily discussed; and now I am entirely at your service for any thing it may be wise in you to suggest, or me to hear."

"Nay, but now," said the Count, "you are getting on as much too fast, as a while ago you were too slow. Before I shall care to suggest whatever may be afloat in my mind, it will be as well for me to learn what sort of a man is he to whom these suggestions are to be made."

"And it will be as well for me to learn the suggestions—since that is to be the word—of my patron, from which I may judge how much it is necessary for me to confess. I have spent some few years of my life in Catholic Italy, and learned the lesson there of apportioning my quantum of confession to the taste of my father confessor."

"Then at least I may gather thus much from you, that I am addressing a good Catholic."

"By no means," replied the other, hastily;

"it has ever been my maxim to do in Rome as the Romans do. In Italy, therefore, I was a Catholic: but now that I am in Geneva, my principles are decidedly Calvinistic: England had the honour of my birth, and therefore, till I quitted it to become a continental rambler, I was as proper a Lutheran as the bench of bishops could wish."

"Then we may set you down as a *conveniencer*, I suppose; and though, perhaps, I have the credit of first inventing the word, as much cannot be accorded to you, I am afraid—of having invented the sect. The practisers of it have been heard of before."

"With all my heart; and I rejoice to find myself in such goodly company: but meanwhile we are forgetting business, unless indeed your object is to discipline me for a new crusade."

"Oh, no," said the Count with a laugh, "I have no such eremitical views; or if my labour must be called a crusade, it is for the sake of a daughter of the church, not of mother church herself."

"So I opined," replied the other; "never in my life did I meet with a gay cavalier crying in the wilderness for assistance, that there was not a woman at the bottom of the business. Even in Italy, when the outward talk was of stilettos and midnight walks, a little probing soon served to show me the cause of the mischief was woman —still woman."

"Then you do know something of the use of such instruments," exclaimed the Count, searchingly.

"Theoretically, merely theoretically," replied the stranger, carelessly; "a man who professes himself, as I do, a citizen of the world, must know something of every thing."

What further might have passed between these two was for the moment interrupted by a knocking at the gate; and the stranger started up with a brow where suspicion sat deep-seated and watchful. If his intention was escape, he was too late, for the door was heard to open, and voices were audible in the passage. On this his

resolution appeared to be taken: he again seated himself, and merely drawing his cloak, which appeared to be his constant companion, closely around him, seemed to be waiting the result.

The first words which were distinctly audible in the kitchen were uttered by Kobolt. "Indeed, gentlemen," said he, "there are none here but inmates of the house."

A glimmer of anxiety seemed to steal its way through De Mara's countenance, and his hand was silently insinuated beneath his vest, as if in preparation for what should follow; but the next remark that was heard from without cleared his countenance; and the emotion under which he had laboured was evidently relieved, either by the words that were uttered, or by the voice that uttered them. His quick glance again turned to the stranger, to observe whether he had traced the transient feeling that had moved him; but so rapidly did the man's dark and penetrating eye dart in all directions, that he was obliged to resign the inquiry without informing himself of any conclusive result.

The words that had constituted the reply to Kobolt were, "If, then, there are none but inmates, there can be no objection to our entry. Make way, Sir, in the name of the authorities of Geneva."

The bustle seemed to cease somewhat on this demand ; and in another moment Kobolt made his appearance in the kitchen, close followed by four persons, who, by their dress and manner, appeared to belong to the police of Geneva.

"Are these a part of your inmates ?" said one of them to the landlord, pointing to De Mara and his new acquaintance.

"They are so for the present," replied Kobolt ; "you must, of course, be aware that every inn is liable to have inmates for short, as well as long, periods."

"No doubt, no doubt," returned the spokesman of the party of police ; "and you must be aware that it sometimes happens that rogues as well as honest men seek the shelter of such roofs. The syndics of Geneva have of late been much

alarmed by acts committed in the city and in the environs of the city; and we are under instructions to make a most peremptory investigation as to all strangers and wanderers."

"I trust," said the Count, whose chief employment seemed to be to watch the emotions of his new acquaintance, "I trust, however, that honest men are not to be made to suffer for those who only know the laws to break them?"

"Certainly not," said the officer; "the most any man who is guilty of no crime will suffer, is a little inconvenience, and that he may well put up with, when he remembers, that it is in part to protect him against the attacks of midnight robbers that that inconvenience is inflicted."

"Very true," said De Mara; "but I presume you perceive by this time that there are none here to excite your suspicion, and therefore your inquiry ends."

"Ay, ay," replied the stranger; "so, good-night, gentlemen."

"You get on a little too fast," replied the

officer, with a grave smile; "I presume by your accent, that you are not a born Genevese?"

"I certainly am not," answered the Count, to whom this question was addressed.

"Then I must trouble you for the production of your passport."

"I have it not with me, but it will perhaps be sufficient to state that I am Count De Mara, a French peer at present resident in Geneva."

"Count De Mara!" exclaimed the man with the cloak.

The officer turned sharply round to him, and asked, "Pray, what may that exclamation mean?"

"It was no exclamation," replied he, with all his self-possession returned; "it was merely vouching for my friend's accuracy by repeating his name."

There still seemed to be a lingering doubt in the officer's mind as to De Mara's correct announcement of himself, when one of his followers stepped forward, and, touching his hat, observed,

"I can vouch that this gentleman is Count De Mara, for I heard him give his evidence before the syndics on the case of Madame Deboos's murder."

De Mara, whose attention had throughout been given to the stranger, hardly knew what to conclude from the outward signs that escaped, so much did they vary, and for so short a period did any one of them remain marked on his countenance to give the nobleman time to analyse it. Once or twice he thought he could perceive his eye quail, and his countenance grow somewhat pale; but before he could assure such a change to himself, the former composure and reckless hardihood of the fellow seemed again to prevail, and his manner to have the same independence of consequences that was ever so striking in his deportment. At the close of the observation of the subaltern of police, however, there was beyond doubt an uneasy movement in his aspect; but again it was subdued, and the same iron firmness once more met the Count's scrutinising glance.

In the mean while the officer who had hitherto conducted the inquiry was engaged in apologising to the nobleman for the questions his duty had forced him to put to him ; and though perhaps there was a lurking something that expressed his surprise at finding a peer of France at such a place, and at such an hour, his words were as soothing and exculpatory as De Mara could require.

As soon as they had been accepted in that sense by the Count, the conductor of the police turned his attention more particularly to the stranger.

" And now, Sir, will you be so good as to inform me whether you are a Genevese ?"

" I should have thought my accent," said he with the cloak, " would have told you that. I am."

De Mara, who a few minutes before had heard him declare himself an Englishman, could hardly suppress an exclamation at the coolness with which he announced himself of Geneva. " How-

ever," thought he, "my friend sticks to his motto—'At Rome do as the Romans do.'"

"That is lucky then," continued the officer, "for as I know nearly every family of the place, the announcement of your name will at once set all suspicion at rest."

"My name," said the stranger, "is Malvolt!" and he looked at each of the police troop with the rapidity of lightning, as if he would penetrate in a moment what effect that name produced.

"Malvolt—Malvolt!" cried the officer—"the name is not familiar to me. Do any of you know it?" added he, turning round to his fellows.

There was a general negative from the party.

"I suppose," replied he, who had announced himself as Malvolt, "that a man is not to be hanged as an apology for the ignorance of a set of thief-catchers?"

"Thief-catchers!" said the officer, indignantly; "it would be as well to address us, even if we are such, with a civil tongue."

"So it would," returned the other, "that you might for once hear what you never practised yourself. But, by the ghost of Alexander, (who, as the greatest conqueror, I take to be the greatest thief that ever lived) I will say this—I have seen the thief-catchers of most countries in Europe, and never did I see such a set of hang-dog countenances as now stand before me."

De Mara, at this sally on the part of the stranger, laughed outright, while the officer, fuming and fretting at so audacious an attack on his mace and dignity, exclaimed, "Hark-ye, my fine fellow, on your own confession, you seem to know more than an honest man ought of gentlemen of my calling, and I shall therefore make bold to order you into custody, that their honors, the syndics, may see what you are good for in the morning. Men, advance, and seize your prisoner."

"Nay, gentlemen," cried De Mara, interposing, "allow me to intercede; will my word be sufficient to bail this rough-tongued associate?"

"Ay, pray intercede, only that I may have my laugh out," said the stranger, who was almost shaking the room with his rude and ungovernable mirth. "There—there," added he, when he could speak plainly, "now you may take off the embargo, and let these prodigious wielders of syndic law make the most of me."

The troop did not seem to take the hint, but stood staring at one another, while the Count could not suppress a titter, though he was trying to look as grave as they.

"Then you won't have me, after all?" exclaimed he with the cloak; "come—come—most worthy beck-and-calls of Count De Mara, do you not think you may as well throw off this fierce disguise, and join me in drinking more wisdom to yourselves, and better success to his Lordship's next plot?" and with this he threw off a huge beaker of wine that stood near him.

"I thought as much," cried De Mara, who hardly knew whether to be most amused at the sorry figure his associates cut, or annoyed at the

stranger having seen through the device by which he hoped to place him entirely at his mercy and control,—"I thought as much as soon as I caught a glimpse of that infernal simper of Mon Petit, who looked all the while as if he was lamenting the loss of his fine clothes, and wondering how the devil he got into such a calfskin."

"Phoo, phoo, Count," added the stranger, though his voice could hardly be heard in the general chuckle that pervaded it, "do not give all the blame to one gentleman; there are just four of them; and I present them with a quarter a-piece, unless, indeed, that terrible gentleman with the beard is resolved to have the lion's share."

"Hark-ye, Sir," cried Maravelli, who was the one pointed at, and who by no means relished the laugh raised by this remark; "you will do as well to leave those observations alone, for though I resign my character as thief-catcher, you may perhaps find that I know how to swinge a rogue who forgets his manners."

"Not if the Count becomes bail for me, I trust," replied the stranger, with another of his peals of laughter.

"Well, well, I confess the plot, my good fellow," said De Mara, "so let us say no more about it; and let the case stand as it did before these wonder-working gentry made their appearance; to whom, however, though the matter has failed, I return kind thanks for their exertions. And now, landlord, bring another dozen of the black cork, and we will finish the night in a style that shall reconcile every body."

"Ah, most noble Count! now, indeed, you go the way to win my heart," said the stranger: "did you think iron fetters could be half so binding as those rosy ones which I hear Kobolt clinking in the cupboard?"

"But how came you to dissolve the fetters that were so cunningly prepared?"

"Why," said the other, "I will not deny that the first approach of these gentry gave me a qualm; though, for all that, I am a good citizen and an honest man."

"Oh, of course," ejaculated Kobolt, as he placed the wine that was ordered on the table.

"Landlord, know your distance," returned he of the cloak, "or I shall give my noble friend a hint to examine the items of your bill."

"But," said Mon Petit, "we have not yet heard what led to our detection."

"Why," said the man, "the first thing that gave me a suspicion was, that your hands were much too clean for the office you professed. Look at mine—they are nearer the true tint, although they have undergone some unusual washing to-night. Then I could not smell tobacco when you entered; and who ever heard of a thief-taker who was not a pipe-taker as well? Besides, Kobolt, for he has a share in the blunder, opened the door much too soon to your knock, so that from the first I suspected there was some cajolery to be watched for."

"And what finally turned these conjectures into certainty?" asked De Mara.

"Why, by the time which the gentleman with—

the whiskers—(I beg his pardon, but, as I don't know his name, it is the only description I have for him)—by the time he began to examine me more particularly, my mind was pretty well resolved; and when he said he knew the name of every Genevese, and yet believed my statement when I announced myself with such a queer accent as I must plead guilty to on my tongue, I determined, should he ask me my name, to put the whole matter to the test."

"But I do not see," cried Maravelli, "how telling me that your name was Mal—Mal—what the deuce was the uncouth sound?—was any test at all."

"Ay, there it is," cried the stranger; "you cannot even remember that the name I gave you was Malvolt. Ask Kobolt here, and he will tell you that that was the name of the only famous neck-or-nothing that has been heard of in these parts for the last ten years; so that, had you really been a gentleman vermin-catcher, the mention of that name would have roused your suspicions

in a moment, instead of which it passed as quietly with you as if I had given you some name that is to be met with in every street of every town of every country of Europe."

"I might have guessed," said De Mara, "that so travelled and accomplished a gentleman as yourself would have been too much for these new traders in untried lands;—but now to business, for daylight will soon be pressing upon us, and we must separate. I have already given you a pretty broad hint as to the way in which your services will be required. If you are willing to serve me, give me, as a guarantee, a brief sketch of your life, that I may understand in what way your abilities will be most available; and I pledge myself, in return, to let you have a retaining fee of a hundred Louis-d'or, with an additional hundred on your completing my directions to my satisfaction."

"With all my heart," cried the stranger; "for I can see no reason why my life should not be recorded, as well as that of other great characters,

and perhaps I may be lucky enough to find a biographer in one of these gentlemen; for that seems now-a-days of such easy assumption, that he who can barely spell is sure to put forth his claims under the cloak of some other man's life."

"Come," replied the Count, "I must lay a *veto* on all episodes in digression. Time presses, and you must be clever at crowding much into little, or we shall never get to an end at this sitting."

"Never fear," said the other; "I could put the whole in a parenthesis;—but I begin:—In the first place, you must understand that my name is Urfort. I have already told you that England had the honour of my birth.'

"And yet," remarked one, "Urfort is not an English name."

"Never mind for that," cried Urfort: "it is a very good name, let it belong to what country it may. As to what passed in England or her possessions (for much of my youth was spent in her Colonies), it has nothing to do with the distin-

guishing features of my life, and I therefore say no more about it;—but some foolish family-matters induced me, about twenty years ago, to set my foot on the continent of Europe, and never since that day have I quitted it. As to England, it is a queer place to live in, and I never felt any desire to return: the people are all mad, one way or another; and they ask so many questions about what their neighbours are doing, it never would have suited my solitary temperament. For a long time I sojourned with my wife in Spain."

"What!" cried the Count—"such an independent gentleman, as you, marry! Who would have dreamt it?"

"I don't know," replied Urfort, "but that marriage is the most independent state after all; but I shall not stop to argue that point now. However, our sojourn in Spain was suddenly broken up, through my fear that the country was too hot for my lady: so we went to Sicily."

"That, one would think, would be making

bad worse instead of better. If the climate of Spain was too hot, how could you expect to be cooler in Sicily ?"

"I did not say it was the climate of Spain that was too hot—but the country. The fact was, we were living at a village a couple of miles from Seville, when I happened to hear that an old sweetheart of my wife had made his appearance in that city. My disposition is by no means jealous; but, as to trusting a woman within reach of a former flame, under a Spanish sun—to have done so would have been to entitle myself to a most especial place in the general madness I so lately launched against my countrymen;—so, you see, Sicily might be as cool as Caucasus in my philosophy."

"And how fared you at Sicily ?"

"Humph! why—good and bad, which I have found to be the common mixture all the world over. However, I got into a very expensive sort of connexion in the interior of the island; and my wife liked it still less than I."

"I suppose," cried Maravelli, "she found

Sicily as much too hot for you, as you feared Seville might be for her."

"It is not for mere man," replied Urfort, with a sneer, "to pretend to develope all a silly woman's suspicions. The end of it, however, was, that she asked me to go ; and, as I found that I owed more money there than I well knew how to pay, I agreed, and we next took up our abode at Venice ; but I soon found that that would not do. Would you believe it?—the streets there are all water, and the highways as deep—as deep—as the Lake of Geneva. I very speedily saw that that was not the spot for me. I loved hunting too well to stay in a place, where, before you had doubled three times, you were sure to find yourself face to face with the ocean."

"Are you sure," asked the Count, "that it did not sometimes happen that you were the hare instead of the huntsman? You speak so feelingly of the double, that I cannot help thinking you must have had opportunities of knowing the value of it."

"I am sure of nothing," replied the other,

testily, "but that Venice did not suit me at all. So then we tried Padua, and after that Milan: then we went north to Vienna, west to Frankfort, and, skirting round by the Spanish side of France, down we came to Nice."

"Why, you seem never to have been happy unless you were in motion."

"It was the prescription of my physician,—he trembled for the stagnation of my blood;—so, when the weather was fine, and I could be out of doors, we travelled; and when it was foul, and I was confined within, I turned my wife into a kingdom, and practised on her. The little hurricane used to call it tyrannizing, and though I told her, over and over again, that it was absolutely necessary for the good of my health, I never could persuade her to submit with patience;—and the recollection of this brings me to Florence. Never was such a season known, as followed the one after we got there! Rain, rain—pour, pour—it seemed as if we were called on to wish good-bye to Italy, and that the Mediterranean and the

Gulf of Venice were about to meet to compare notes, and to bury the intervening country under its waters, in order that they might carry on their communication the more affectionately. The natural consequence of all this bad weather was, that I was obliged to resort to my home exercise, which my wife took so ill that, one day, I lost her."

"Lost her! what, in the flood?"

"Deuce take me if I know how—but I lost her: for a while I was fool enough to try to find her; but I soon learned to think, with the Irishman, that I had gained a loss, for, when I lost my wife, I lost my children too;—so that, from a man *with* incumbrances, I became a man *without* incumbrances—a gay bachelor. And it was in good time, too; for my paternal fortune had long been on the wane, and by this time was pretty well threadbare."

"And what did the bachelor do with himself?"

"Oh! he took to a jolly, roving life, sometimes at one place, and sometimes at another, as the

wind and tide of inclination or circumstances drove him. One time I fell in with the clergy at Rome, and had hopes of being a cardinal; but they found out that I was not discreet enough for them, so they dismissed me for being too honest: another, I met with a troop of soldiers, though, I must say, I never could find out under whose commission they acted; but pay was plenty, and wine was abundant, and I dare say I should have ended my days there, only one day, the lieutenant and I being together happened to find a watch set with brilliants and some other trifles, and somehow it happened that we could not agree in the division; so I gave him a push, and he fell down, while I walked off with the booty; and I never heard any thing more of the troop, except that the lieutenant was found dead on the spot where I pushed him down: I presume he died of chagrin. Gentlemen, I presume I need not pursue my travels farther;—suffice it to say, here I am, and ready to earn the Count's two hundred louis."

"But, at least, let us know what brought you to

Geneva," said De Mara, "and what you have been doing while here. It may have an effect upon my determination."

"The incident that brought me to Geneva," replied Urfort, "was a curious one. Money ran short, and I happened to hear that an old friend of mine, who had taken a fancy to me after I had lost my wife, was resident here ;—so I determined to pay her a visit, in the hope that she might be better off than myself, and be inclined to assist me."

"And how came it that you failed in this scheme ?" asked De Mara.

"She died just as I found her out ; and, as she left no will in my favour, I did not care to press my claim on her executors. My money, however, was all gone, and look which way I would, I could find nothing to do ;—and—and there's an end on't. Count De Mara knows the rest as well as I do myself."

The grey of the morning had been for some time creeping in at the windows of the kitchen

where the party was assembled; and De Mara was not sorry to find that Urfort had arrived at the close of his narrative, as he had no desire that those who were neighbours to the inn, where he had been sojourning for the night, should perceive his egress thence. He, therefore, hastily gave his new ally a supply of money to furnish his present wants, and having fully instructed him where to meet him in order that matters might be further adjusted, the Count, in company with the mock officers of police, evacuated the place, and made the best of their way to their respective lodgings, with many a suppressed laugh and chuckling whisper, as they commented on the various adventures of that fruitful night.

CHAPTER IX.

Bell. Madam, I dare swear he loves you.
Areth. Oh, you 're a cunning one, and taught to lie
For your lord's credit; but thou know'st a lie
That bears this sound is welcomer to me
Than any truth that says he loves me not.

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER'S PHILASTER.

IT was late before the Count shook off the heavy slumber to which he had yielded himself on his arrival at his lodgings; and on looking at his watch, and perceiving how far the day was advanced, his first act was to ring the chamber bell, and summon his valet to his bedside. But though the hour for the arrival of Urfort was

passed, the servant had not seen any one at the hotel who answered the description.

"Then assist me to dress, Jacotot," said the Count, "for I have business on hand that will not brook delay. But are you quite sure that no such person has been asking for me—a dark, swarthy, thick-set man, with huge whiskers and mustachios—about fifty or so?"

"Quite sure, my Lord; indeed there has been no one here, except a man, who by his appearance I took to be a dancing-master, he was dressed so fine, and with such an amazing profusion of curly locks."

"About what age was this son of Terpsichore? though it cannot be he that I expect, for heaven knows he has as little of the dancing muse as any of the heaviest sons of earth I ever saw."

"Oh, at the outside he could not be much more than forty;—I should hardly think so much, my Lord; for he skipped about like a heifer, and when I told him you were asleep, and must not be disturbed, he bowed six bows in rotation with the

rapidity of a weaver's shuttle, and so made his exit."

"Some fellow, no doubt, who would have made an attack on my pocket in the shape of a subscription for a new set of cotillons, or a volume of love-sick ballads to his muse. I am well rid of him."

"I am not quite sure, my Lord," replied the servant, "that you are altogether rid of him, for his last bow was accompanied with an intimation that he should do himself the honour of calling again to pay his *devoirs* to the most noble Count De Mara."

"Then I trust to you to stand sentinel, and prevent his entry. Tell him that I am from home—or that I never subscribe—or that I am a sworn devotee, and an enemy to all dancing. Tell him what you please, but see that he does not get admission; and if such a one as I have described should call, he is to be shown up to me immediately."

"I shall observe, my Lord."

"And now, you may go; but be in waiting when I ring for my coffee."

Jacotot bowed himself out of the apartment, though not quite so rapidly or so ceremoniously as the dancing-master whom he had celebrated; and the Count found himself again alone.

The continued absence of Urfort was troublesome to him; and he could not help, as he waited (watching the moments), blaming himself for having leagued his cause with an individual of so doubtful a purpose. In his present predicament he was stationed like one on whom the Necromancer's wily art has but half taken effect—betwixt action and the will to act. He could proceed by himself; and ever and anon he shook off the expectation of his laggard ally, in the resolution of trusting only to his own powers of operation; and then as often he returned to the wish of working in company, and again counted the minutes of absence that prevented his applying the energies of his mind to a consideration of the difficulties by which he was beset. Any sound that broke in

upon the doubtful monotony of the scene roused him from his profitless task, and he blushed to himself at being found in so silly and wavering a humour. Why could he not take his mind out of this single subject ? He would sing, and try what the Troubadours would do for him—but half a stanza brought him to his own serenade, and the rapid and eventful circumstances of the preceding night brought him back to his former train of thinking. Were there not better hopes in a book ? And he took up one in the firm determination that it should employ his thoughts, and teach him patience, but neither would this do : wit, mirth, dulness, or poetic fire passed him by with equal ineffectiveness ; and the whole tending of his ideas would revert in spite of himself to Madeline, to Wahrend, and to Urfort ;

" So that the words he read he takes for mocks." *

Any thing would be better than such solitary annoyance ; and he almost repented him that he

* Tasso.

had ordered Jacotot to refuse the petitioning dancing-master admission: his impertinence might be amusing, and his strain of bows and *congès* might serve to distract his attention until the sluggish instrument of his next project should arrive.

It almost seemed as if the unadmitted visiter of the morning jumped with his turn of resolution, for a loud wrangle was heard on the stairs just as this thought flitted across his mind, and Jacotot's voice was heard loudly exclaiming against some one who seemed to be insinuating his way towards the Count's apartment.

De Mara, glad of any interruption that should break the tedious minutes, opened the door, and found his valet in the midst of a wordy war with a person so gaily tricked out and bedizened with the most extravagant favours of art, that he had not much difficulty in guessing that the intruder was the individual whom he had directed Jacotot to exclude.

"Let the gentleman come in," he cried; "I

find myself more at leisure than I expected, and shall be happy to hear his errand."

The valet, in obedience to the voice of his master, made way for the man of many colours, who danced himself into the room with an innumerable number of attitudes, " making a leg," as the old Dramatists so humorously call it, after every two or three steps. Jacotot gave his master a piteous look, as much as to say, " I assure you I could not help it ;" and then withdrew with a bow somewhat more studied than that which he generally executed, as if desirous of giving the pendulous stranger a lesson of how the thing was done when it came into dignified hands.

As soon as the gentleman whose sole profession appeared to be agility had fairly watched the disconsolate lacquey out of the apartment, he threw himself on the sofa and burst into an immoderate fit of laughter. That laugh declared his disguise at once, for it was too remarkable ever to have been heard without being immediately recognised on a second effusion.

"Heavens!" cried the Count, "is it you, Urfort? Then after all you were more punctual to your appointment than myself: but what is the meaning of all this mummery?"

"Merely that I was willing," replied Urfort, "to give my excellent patron an opportunity of judging of my abilities. Even his penetrating eye did not detect the jolly carouser of past midnight in the fantastic representation of a *comme il faut petit-maître.*"

"I must confess you baffled my recognition: why, you look ten years younger than last night."

"So much the better to qualify me to become Cupid's messenger."

"But how have you managed it? What has become of your grisly locks—your hollow eye—and your overhanging beard and mustachios?"

"Oh, their absence," said the man with a laugh, "is easily accounted for. A skilful barber made a clearance of locks, beard, and mustachios, almost in a breath, while his stock supplied

me with these flowing curls, and it was the bountiful supper of your own providing last night that has filled the hollow of my eye and the wrinkles of my cheek: it was care that had made the holes, then why should not comfort fill them up again?"

"Well, at all events I am glad to see so advantageous a change: but I am afraid that this dress is not exactly suited for the use for which I want you."

"Then," said Urfort, "it shall be changed with the rapidity of legerdemain. All that I was anxious for was to make such an appearance that not even the most scrutinizing eye should recognise me; and the experiment already made upon your Lordship has fully satisfied me of the result."

"What are these persons in Geneva whose recognition you fear?" asked De Mara, with an inquiring look.

"Why, a man never knows when he shall meet a creditor. They grow up in every soil, and stick like ivy when they once get a hold."

"That 's true," said the Count, "and it would mar your activity dreadfully if you once get into such clutches. But now to business, for the day creeps apace, and we ought to be at work."

De Mara then explained his situation with Madeline to its full extent, and described how this new intruder Wahrend had intervened and checked his prospects, when he was in hopes that the *amende honorable* on his part would have induced his mistress to pardon the error into which his desire of trying her affection had led him. The first object, therefore, in furtherance of which he wished to call in the assistance of Urfort, was to ascertain the exact position in which the Swiss stood, relatively to Madeline, that De Mara might understand how far he was to be regarded as a dangerous rival, and whether it was necessary for him to proceed to peremptory measures to remove him from the scene of action. Urfort, while this account was being related, showed that he could be a good listener, as he had before evinced that he was able to be a bold talker;

and the Count, as he proceeded with his story, felt assurance in the efficiency of this new agent, when he observed how his manners settled into attention, and his eye, which generally roved with the freedom of his tongue, became staid and animate only as the features of the tale called it into action. "Now," cried the nobleman, as he finished his relation of such circumstances as he thought necessary for a right understanding of the case, "now you are perhaps as well able to judge as I what is the first step to be taken: but let this be remembered—that whatever is agreed, it is absolutely requisite that it should be practically brought to bear immediately."

"I feel it with even more force than your Lordship," replied Urfort, with a smile; "for the second hundred louis that waits the successful completion, will certainly keep that necessity present to my recollection."

"Have you any proposition to make? Or shall I give you half an hour for consideration?"

"I hate consideration," cried the other; "it

savours too much of doubt; the greatest hits the world has ever witnessed have always been *coups-de-main*, and I have no doubt that we are about to add one to the number. The only preliminary step must be for me to see the girl, for though I doubt not your Lordship's powers of discrimination, I have got into the habit of always drawing my own conclusions as to character; and I should be labouring in a sort of blank field, if I had not the living picture before my mind."

"That is well bethought. But how shall I obtain an interview for you?"

"That is easily managed. Install me in Mr. Jacotot's post of honour; let me figure in your Lordship's livery, and with a letter in my pocket, the way is clear enough."

"But will not that be giving you too low a standing to find grace in her eyes? The girl has some notions of haughtiness and pride."

"Oh, never fear. If it is as I suspect, the very lowness of my station will make her more ready to use me as I purpose, if the conjectures I have

come to on the strength of your story are well founded."

"And to what do those conjectures amount?"

"Under permission, I will describe them at another opportunity; time presses, and it would therefore be mischievous to waste it by dwelling on them if they are wrong; and if they turn out to be right, they will make a better show when I can strengthen them with such facts as shall draw to the same point."

"Right, right," returned the Count; "I will therefore only detain you while I write a few lines, and you may make use of that opportunity in turning over Jacotot's wardrobe, which I dare say will be sufficient to equip you for your adventure."

Half an hour served to accomplish both these objects; and, with a few more parting words of advice from De Mara, Urfort took his way to Madeline's abode.

With his new dress he had put on another new manner; and, as the Count watched him through

the street, he was again obliged to confess to himself that he could not, in his new lacquey, trace any of the style of that reckless would-be-suicide who had obtained his acquaintance in so extraordinary a mode. The smart and well-dressed valet trod the pavement with a sober and measured step, as if he had been as demure as Jacotot himself; but, at the same time, there was an insinuating address in his gait, that left far behind the still and repelling attitude of him to whom De Mara at first compared him, and which seemed well calculated to attract the attention of those who were willing to take the first impression which a man's outward appearance might yield, without waiting for some mental companion to confirm it.

Urfort, who was willing to form his first acquaintanceship with Madeline after a fashion of his own, took care, on arriving at her abode, to find his way to her apartment without suffering the servant of the house to announce his errand.

It was by this step, the unceremoniousness of which he hoped would be palliated by the consi-

deration of whose representative he was, that he expected to be able to ascertain, with something like satisfactory precision, the state of Madeline's respective feelings towards Wahrend and the Count. On entering the apartment, however, he found Madeline alone; and though this was one of the opportunities he wanted, he would have been better pleased to have found her in company with the Swiss, that he might have watched their conduct towards each other with a jealous eye: it was, however, necessary to explain what had brought him there, and he volunteered the Count's billet for that purpose. Madeline, who had not, on the first moment of his entrance, recognised the livery in which he was attired, had started up with something like anger in her countenance, to demand the reason of the intrusion, when the superscription of the proffered note caught her eye. The well-known characters told her from whom it came, and a gentle blush bespoke the emotion that accompanied the discovery: her delicate and finely-tapered fingers slightly trembled

as she broke the seal, and there was a suppressed nervousness about her general manner as she prepared to read the contents. Was it that she remembered the contents of De Mara's last letter, and dreaded what this might now contain?—or was it that she was apprehensive of the effect of her coquetry with Wahrend at the Plain Palais might have produced on the Count?—and her heart trembled at the opportunity offered for solving the question.

Urfort watched all that passed with a cunning eye; and though he took care to tutor its flashes to the more respectful glance of a menial, he did not the less note all those outward signs the maiden's consciousness betrayed of what was passing within.

The note, however, was scarcely sufficient to determine her either one way or the other; it was little more than a respectful petition from the Count, to be allowed to pay his *devoirs* to her that morning, if her leisure would permit. In the words there was nothing exceptionable; and though she conned them again and again, all that

she could make out from them was, that the style had not that ardent flow which had characterized the nobleman's epistles before a shadow had been thrown over their correspondence by the untowardness of late occurrences ;—and yet, why was *she* to find fault with this ? It was she that had repressed his advances towards a renewal of a perfect understanding between them ; and therefore that the Count should have adopted her cue was rather indicative of his obedience to her wishes, than any thing offensively intended on his part. True ! most true !—but still she felt a shivering at her heart, as she repeated to herself the studied and measured politeness of his phrases.

At length she remembered that De Mara's servant was waiting for her answer ; and, as she looked up to bid him stay while she wrote one, it was again brought to her recollection that she had never seen his face before in the suite of that nobleman.

" You will be so good as to wait," said she, " while I write to his Lordship ; but I do not

remember ever having seen you before among his dependants."

"No, Ma'm'selle," replied Urfort, ingeniously throwing into his manner all the rusticity of one whom even fine clothes, a fine place, and a fine city, could not convert from his country habits—"no, Ma'm'selle, I only left father last week."

"Your father must be an old man, for you cannot yourself be less than forty."

"There it is: father's got old, and the farm does not go on as it did; so he dressed me out to come and find our landlord, that I might ask for a long day for the rent."

"And who is your landlord?"

"Why, Count De Mara, to be sure! Some of his estates lie near Lyons, and as we heard he was staying at Geneva, I came to try and find him; and so he said he would do what he could for poor father, and gave me a place in his service. I do hope I shall be able to keep it; for it is a fine thing to get such clothes as these, and pay nothing for them, Ma'm'selle."

"Well, well—do your best, and I dare say you will not lose your situation: here is something to welcome you to Geneva, and if my good word can be of use—"

"What?—money, and a good word too!" cried the valet. "Heaven bless your Ladyship! I am sure you can do what you like with my master, for M. Jacotot told me so himself."

"Madeline's eyes glistened at the words, though her pride would not let her confess to herself that the speech of the servant could warm her to pleasure. Not caring, however, to trust herself with any further conversation, she turned her attention to the task before her, and commenced her reply to De Mara.

But scarcely had she written the first words, ere she was interrupted by the entrance of Wahrend: he made his appearance at an unlucky moment; for the heart of the maiden had, in spite of her pride, softened towards the Count, and was therefore in ill accord to grant a smiling welcome to him whom her perturbed and uneasy spirit had set up as a rival to the nobleman.

"Good morrow to the deserter from Unwalden!" cried the Swiss, gaily. "May we again talk of what was, and again shall be!—of the day that has been, and the day that is to come, when the fatiguing and hurried city life shall be changed for the tranquil enjoyment of nature!"

"And why is the city life to be thrown aside," replied Madeline, "for the dull monotony of nature?"

Wahrend looked somewhat astonished at this question. At length—"Nay," said he, "it is rather for me to ask that query; for it was you that only yesterday so bitterly inveighed against the troubling annoyances of Geneva, and so sweetly praised the calm pleasures of Unwalden."

"And to-day I inveigh against the dull sameness of Unwalden, and am in love with the gay scenes of Geneva. Is there any marvel in that? The prosing logician takes on himself to argue on both sides of the case,—and is a woman to have less privilege than so heavy a piece of mechanism? But I have not even time to contend

with myself now, much less to contradict you. You see the servant waits for my answer, and therefore your next visit must serve to settle this question."

Wahrend, who had been hitherto standing in expectation of a seat being offered, perceived that this was meant as a hint for his departure ; and, though he did not feel much pleased at being so unceremoniously dismissed, his simple nature led him to confess to himself that it was very possible the maiden had a letter of importance to write, and that, at all events, he had no right to dispute her commands.

" But when may I come again?" asked he, eager at least to take this opportunity of fixing her to a time of her own.

"" It is not worth an appointment," returned Madeline—" I am generally at home, and you must therefore be content to take your chance. To-morrow, or the next day—"

" To-morrow, if you please," interrupted Wahrend ; and he made a hasty retreat, as if desirous

of affording her no opportunity to retract from this overture.

Madeline's attention now reverted to Urfort: she looked at him, and it seemed to her as if he had hardly heard a word of what had passed, so simple was his guise, and so intent the manner in which he gazed on the bijouterie with which Madeline's taste had ornamented the apartment. The glance she gave him having led her to this conclusion, she did not care to call off his attention by addressing him; and she therefore again prepared to write a reply to the Count's request. But her mind was in a strange agitation of doubt: still eager to pursue her stratagem of revenge, and to retaliate on De Mara's misdoing by setting Wahrend in apparent opposition to him, she felt induced to write to him as she had said to the Swiss—"It is not worth an appointment, and therefore you must be content to take your chance;"—and then again, from this intention she was turned by the simple phrase of this new valet of the Count—"I am sure you can do what you like with my master, for M.

Jacotot told me so himself." Homely and unassuming as it was, coming from the lips of this apparent clown, it had struck a tender chord in her heart, and the string was still vibrating in unison with the touch.

"I am sure you can do what you like with my master!" Almost unconsciously she repeated the phrase again and again to herself, as she held her pen motionless in her hand, from want of resolution which way to decide. Do what she liked! Oh that she could but assure herself of that!—Oh that this one doubt might be resolved into certainty!—Yes, that once done, her impatient temper would brook aught else of ambiguity, for the sake of having full assurance poured upon her soul that she was paramount in the heart of De Mara.

And was there no way in which she could obtain the precious satisfaction for which her mind yearned?—This last thought was a busy one, and it roused the whole stock of imagination to meet the query. Still the pen trembled from its office, and still the question was rife in her brain.

The fine and indistinct thread of her ideas

was shaken, but not broken, by the voice of Urfort—

"Shall I wait," cried he, with a bow, "Ma'm'selle, while you write?—or will you send a verbal answer?"

"Presently, presently," murmured Madeline, as if half-abstracted, and unconscious of the question.

"I beg pardon," returned the other: "I would not have spoken, only I know something of master's temper, though I have been but three days with him; and I am sure he is counting every moment till I return with an answer."

Still this thought was with the maiden—"Were there no means by which she could obtain assurance of De Mara's heart-feeling towards her?"—But it was misty as a dream—itself a sort of dream of the mind fatigued, though the body slept not; and as when Morpheus rules the brain, it admits strange and inconsequential additions to the picture first painted on its tablets, so here, by some unbid admixture, the thought of Urfort was joined

to that of De Mara, and they were simultaneously presented to her mind, as she again asked herself the question—"Were there no means by which she could obtain assurance of De Mara's heart-feeling towards her?"

A sort of answer, involuntary on her part, and of a-piece with a dream-taught fancy, presented itself to her mind in the words that had fallen from Urfort—"I know something of master's temper, though I have been but three days with him." The expression contained the rudiments of observation, perception, and calculation; and it forced upon her imagination the idea, that one who possessed these qualities might be able to afford the key that she required to unlock the mystery of De Mara's secret feelings.

Madeline's hurried and impetuous vivacity of temperament has been but ill described, if the reader is not prepared to admit the possibility of a thought like this, which, in more regulated dispositions, would have been transient and unacted on, taking fast hold of her mind, and so deeply

striking root there, as to give a character and tone to her determinations. The ardour and rapidity with which she arrived at a conclusion, left her no time to debate upon the after-consequences that such a conclusion was likely to entail upon her. She had no spice of Macbeth's nervous humour in her constitution, as attributed to him by his lady—

> Letting *I dare not* wait upon *I would*,
> Like the poor cat i' th' adage:

but was ever pressed forward, by the fiery urging of her passions, to make thought and execution go hand in hand.

No sooner therefore had she the feeling that it was possible to employ Urfort, so that he might assist her in plumbing the depths of De Mara's real feelings, than she overlooked all the invidiousness of employing a servant against his master, or of putting herself within the power of a menial's confession. She had one want, and one way of satisfying that want; and she could but ill digest

the task of weighing whether to embrace the opportunity was not inflicting more mischief on herself than she could derive good from its employment.

Whatever awkwardness she might feel in addressing herself to Urfort on the subject was sedulously removed by him as it presented itself in the course of their conversation, though at the same time he took care never to lose sight of that rustic simplicity of manner, which had perhaps been the means of more readily inducing her to employ him as her agent on this errand of love and jealousy, as it was a trait of character which she was easily able to understand, as well as one well calculated to prevent her imbibing any suspicions of the real nature of his errand. Whenever difficulties, therefore, made their appearance, and she seemed to hesitate on the brink, he was always on the watch to drop some little phrase, which, without compromising the rusticity he had assumed, was sufficient to act as a stepping-stone to her determination, by helping her over those embarrassments, which a consciousness of the unfairness

of the task she was requiring at his hands repeatedly placed in her way; and at length they were altogether got rid of, by his judiciously hinting that his willingness to undertake the office arose from his anxiety to forward an affair on which, as he had been assured by M. Jacotot, his master's happiness so materially depended. This was a safe point of view for both parties to assume, and it was set, upon either hand, as the standard of their intentions.

If the bond of alliance that had been thus entered upon by Madeline had been drawn up with that diplomatic skill which seems innate in all those born to government offices and foreign missions, its heads would have been found to be three:—1st. That Urfort was to inform Madeline, by every means in his power, of the real state of De Mara's feelings towards her. 2nd. That Madeline was to promote Urfort's interest by means of her good word to the Count; and 3rd. That both parties were, from time to time, to suggest such measures as appeared best calculated to bring De

Mara to that state of feeling, without which Madeline felt that her whole existence would be a blank.

The full and entire discussion of these three points, however, were suddenly checked by the entrance of Albert, who, during the whole morning, had been absent, but whose movements were so irregular, that his sister never knew when to expect him ; but, though the strange impulse under which he seemed to be acting led her not to be surprised at any of his erratic movements, yet, on this occasion, his entry caught her unawares ; and in the sudden stop that it put upon her conversation with Urfort, she felt the first suggestion of her having formed a suspicious and unjustifiable compact. It seemed, too, as if her coadjutor had fallen under the same impression ; for, the moment he cast his eyes on the youth, a deep suffusion overspread his countenance, and he turned his face away from the door, as though anxious to avoid any glances of inquiry that Albert might throw on him. Madeline, whose conscience told

her that she had been interrupted in the performance of that which was indefensible, marked the action, and attributed it to his sharing the same feeling which was instinct in her own bosom.

"Good morrow, dear Madeline!" cried the brother—"but I interrupt you?"

"No, no," replied the maiden, hastily: "I was but detaining the Count's servant, while I wrote a word in reply to a note that has just been brought me."

"Then tell me," said Albert, "what is the matter with Wahrend? I met him a few minutes ago, as I was bending towards the Lake for my solitary ramble, and he seemed quite to have lost that gaiety which so possessed his whole manner last night, as we sat and talked of sweet Unwalden."

"Nay, I know not what has overcome him," returned the sister; "do you take me for the mistress of his secrets?"

"No, no," cried the youth, with a smile; "we

all have trouble enough in taking care of our own."

Madeline turned pale at these words, and dared not look her brother in the face to inquire from the expression of that, with what feeling it was that he had used words which touched so nearly on her present sensations.

"But," continued he, with a quick fire lighting his eye, "when I saw how downcast he looked, and how he had lost the active and aspiring spirit that animated his every word last night, I could not help pitying him; for we have known Wahrend long, and as long as we have known him, so long have we known the goodness of his heart; and what shame would it be to take advantage of his simple nature to inflict a pang upon his honest purpose!"

Madeline again would have examined her brother's face, but she dared not, lest she should challenge his gaze on the perturbed questions that were moving through the regions of her countenance. All she could do was to ask, "and did he give no reason for the change?"

" He did not, my sister ; and yet I guessed one. And as the thought of how it might be came across my mind, I forgot the dear delightful solitudes to which I had devoted my day, and thought I would come and speak to you about it."

" Albert, Albert," cried the girl, who could no longer mistake what was meant, and who felt all her customary blood kindling to the strife, " Albert, what is this ? I have seen dark and undiscoverable things working in *your* mind—but what questions have I asked ? Leave me to my way, brother ;—leave me my way ; for though there is something now about you which will not let me dare to use you as was once my habit, I am still the same creature—still made up of the same sensations, love, and antipathies, as when I resisted our uncle's dictation on the same subject."

" You say right," ejaculated Albert, in a tone as if he would shrink from the slightest hint at the secret that held such empire over him—" You say right ! and I fear that nothing excellent, even all-excellent, as what lies buried here, " and

he struck his hand on his brain, "can be altogether separate from error."

"Let us then exchange our forgiveness," said Madeline, extending her hand. "Even one word of anger between us is all too much for the whole of our lives, and I would have the consolatory thought that one human being at least has entire affection for me."

"Have it, my Madeline,—have it!" cried the enthusiastic youth; "there may be strange things written on the table of my heart, but never can they obliterate the fond memory of my sister. But we will talk more of this anon."

And then, after an affectionate kiss on the forehead of the maiden, he quitted the apartment, again to bury himself in nature's recesses, and again to brood over the arcanum that was rapt in his seething brain.

Urfort had listened to all that had passed with a curious ear, but he made no observations upon it. Why, indeed, he had been suffered to remain a spectator of the scene, he could not well under-

stand. That Madeline should not object to his being there was not perhaps so extraordinary, for she had already trusted him too deeply with the great master-passion of her heart, to heed the new light that the few words which had passed between her and her brother might afford him; but that Albert should have overlooked his presence was somewhat remarkable, nor did he know well how to account for it but on the supposition that the youth was really hardly conscious of it. This indeed might be, for the wily agent had marked his eye distracted, and his manner, which spoke of things separate and distinct from the common course of the world's events; even when speaking of Wahrend, he had seemed loth to do it, and had only pressed his words to the service, as if in the discharge of an unwelcome but necessary duty.

Madeline's mind had been diverted from her former train of thought by the subject that Albert had introduced; and when left again alone with Urfort, she felt as if she could not immediately restore herself to her previous reflections.

"I will write an answer to the Count," said she, "and we will renew this subject to-morrow; and the mean time will afford you an opportunity for obtaining information."

The note was soon written, and Urfort was dismissed with it, with a handsome present for himself, and a renewed injunction to be watchful and vigilant in her cause. He promised all and every thing; and with a bow executed in the just standard of a rustic transposed, he took his leave for the day.

In the mean time De Mara had been awaiting the return of his messenger with much impatience, for he had imbibed a sufficiently good opinion of Urfort's powers of penetration and knowledge of the world to believe that he had found in him one who was capable, if he pleased, of affording him great and material assistance in the uncertainty in which he was placed; and that he would please, he thought he had sufficiently secured by the amount of the rewards he had offered him, and even by the innate love of mischief which seemed

to possess him, and which would lead him to side with a plot which had so notable a purpose for its object.

At length the mock valet arrived with the letter in his hand, and the assumed rusticity of manner again changed for the fear-nothing recklessness of demeanour that had hitherto marked his intercourse with the nobleman.

"Success, success, my noble patron!" cried he, as soon as he had gained the Count's presence: "I bow with all reverence to Madeline Schvolen's lord and master."

De Mara's eyes brightened at the address of the dependant, as he demanded, "But is it true? Is Wahrend nothing, and am I all?"

"All and every thing," cried the other, gaily; "as for Wahrend he is a mere bugbear, only set up to frighten the naughty boy that would fret the temper of his mistress. My own eyes have witnessed his dismissal, or at least what would be held to amount to as much by any but a dumpling-headed Swiss."

"Excellent!" returned the Count; "but how was it managed?"

"'Faith, it hardly required management. The girl was eager enough to have my aid and abetment, and only required a very gentle hint from me to set the proposition afloat. Mark my words, noble Count,—she loves you as the apple of her eye; nay, she has all but confessed as much to me in so many words."

"But how? but how?"

"Oh, hang explanations. It is so long since I have done any work, that to-day's labour makes me pant like a horse with his first gallop after a whole summer's turning to grass. I must soothe myself with a bottle of Kobolt's best, or I shall never be in condition for to-morrow."

"With all my heart!" said De Mara, "but a little conversation over the bottle will do no harm."

"Faugh! what—mix business and pleasure together! No, that will never do; it is like the apothecary's vile art, who would dispense his noxious

poison by mixing it with peppermint and cinnamon water. No, if more than the result must be told, let it be thrown off at once, that I may be left to throw my legs on a chair, and do nothing but give welcome to the jolly liquor. Come, what is it you would know?"

"Nay, that is a question for yourself to answer. But an outline will serve."

"You have that already; Wahrend was told that his presence was *un peu trop*, as your country folk would express it; and I am duly accredited spy and betrayer of my master's secrets, on the faith of a present of ten louis-d'or."

"The jade! to bribe my own servant—but I am glad of it, for, in keeping no terms with me, she teaches me to keep none with her; and should she upbraid me, may perhaps hear of it. But again, and again, are you sure of it?"

"As sure of it as that the ten louis are in my pocket, and that this is your answer to your billet."

"Then she is mine!" cried the Count, in a tone

of exultation, "and she may play off her tool as she pleases. She shall be Helen to my Mount Ida Shepherd, and this fine city of Geneva another Sparta, from which I will bear her off in triumph. By Heaven, I am so angered at her having given me all this trouble and uneasiness, that I could almost find it in my heart to hate her, but that love is too predominant."

"All in good time," said Urfort, with a sneer; "all in good time; hatred will come by and bye, when love is cooled by the tears of the broken-hearted. Oh, it's mighty pretty to see how the fond fool will quote former times, and think that they ought to have lasted for ever."

"Tush! Tush!" cried the Count; "these are reflections for Wahrend or the girl's maudlin brother."

"Apropos! That reminds me that you forgot to say a word about this young gentleman; so that when he made his appearance, I was somewhat puzzled to account for him. He seems, however, to have a curious mode of dealing with

things, for I don't know whether his talk is like a red-hot poet or a mad Rosicrucian; he deals so in mysteries and rhapsodies."

"Let him not be mentioned," replied De Mara; "for his name almost throws a nausea on my heart: and after your intelligence of to-day I care as little for him as the new-found Swiss, whose appearance I now so well understand."

"But let me tell you, young Albert must be mentioned. To-day is not the first time that I have seen him."

"How?" interrupted the Count.

"Manners, noble patron, manners, if you please; and do not interrupt a gentleman in the middle of his speech. Had you heard me to the end, you would have found that I meant to say that to-day is not the first time that I have seen the like of him; and from my observations of his sort of character I know that there is danger lurking under that mealy-mouthed countenance which seems as gentle as the new-born babe's."

"I cannot fear danger," cried the Count, "when

you tell me that Madeline is indisputably mine. Mine! Oh, there are a thousand worlds in that word! Already I can fancy myself encircling her fine and tapering waist with my arm, feeding on the honey that hangs on her pouting lips! Already ——"

"Gently," cried Urfort, with an air of astonishment; "do you really love the girl? for by your manner I positively declare that even I should be led to believe that you did."

"Do I love her! I love her better than any thing in the universe but—myself, my estate, and my next mistress."

"Oh, your servant, now we understand one another again. So let me repeat, Albert is the only danger I see to your success. As to Wahrend's own powers of persuasion, they are none; but let me tell you the brother has taken up his cause; and though the girl has entered into the hot-bed of Cupid, it has not made her forget the more tranquil impulses of sisterly affection. Mark what I say—Albert is your rock a-head!"

"The viper!" exclaimed De Mara; "but, good Urfort, we must see and baffle this difficulty. Your face has vinegar enough in it, and it was with vinegar that Hannibal dissolved the rocks that led to Italy. Prithee, squeeze out some of the acetic juice that bides there on this rock a-head, and melt it into thin air."

"Your mention of vinegar reminds me of wine," cried the other, "and wine reminds me of my promised relaxation for the remainder of the day. To-morrow we will talk further of this business."

"But merely determine what shall be done with this Albert."

"To-morrow, noble patron, to-morrow. This day I dedicate to Bacchus. 'Fore Heaven! I can imagine the jolly god floats before mine eyes; and see what a frown he gives me, as if in reproach at my having so long deferred his orgies! What fine fellows those Italians are who swear by the 'Corpo di Bacco!' but how much finer the sturdy and phlegmatic Germans, who practise what the volatile Italians merely protest!"

"To remember what happened last night I should rather say that eating was your forte."

"Never judge a man by the first interview," cried Urfort; "last night was a necessary—, this night shall be a luxury. In all honesty I can say that I always had a relish for drinking over eating: there is something so much more delicate and refined in its mode of operation; the honey liquor glides into the inner recesses of the whole frame with an insinuation quite bewitching."

"Why, Urfort," exclaimed the Count, "you are quite poetical on the subject!"

"If any thing," said the other, "could turn a man of sense into a mad-brain poet, it would be the charms of wine. Rough and rugged as I am now, my father was foolish enough to spend a pretty round sum on my education, and even now I can't quite forget the Latinity that was flogged into me at school. What is it some one has said of Homer?—

Laudibus arguitur vini vinosus Homerus.*

* Homer, by his praise of liquor,
Proves he drained his cups the quicker.

And when I was but a youngster at the bottle, and thought it became me to mix each glass with a sentiment, my favourite quotation used to run, if my memory serves me, somewhat thus :—

> Wine whets the wit, improves its native force,
> And gives a pleasant flavour to discourse;
> By making all one's spirits debonair,
> Throws off the lees and sediment of care.
>
> POMFRET.

"Nay," said the Count, "if you have quotation as well as argument to support you, I shall say no more. Only at least let me know where you are to be found in case of necessity."

"Don't you remember the black corks? As long as there is any wine under that seal, I and my host Kobolt shall be found hand-in-hand. But be merciful—nothing short of life or death can justify you in disturbing a drinking-bout."

And then, as if afraid of being further detained, he hurried out of the room to make the best of his way to the depository of the black corks and his favourite bottle.

END OF VOL. II.

PRINTED BY A. J. VALPY,
RED LION COURT, FLEET STREET.

UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS-URBANA
3 0112 002962386